

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909.

The Week.

On Saturday, the House of Representatives voted to reduce by one-third the size of the chamber in which it meets. Benches or chairs are to replace desks. With its present too vast space cut down to something like the oratorical range of the ordinary voice; with the transaction of private business on the floor made less conspicuous than that of public business; and with the two sides of the House brought physically closer together, so that issues may be more closely joined in debate, we are likely to see a more marked effect upon the bearing and the law-making of the Representatives than any mere alteration of the rules, such as is so much clamored about. These proposed changes had the strong advocacy of Speaker Reed, during his later years. After inspection of the House of Commons and the Palais Bourbon, he came to the conclusion that our House of Representatives could do its work better in a smaller room. The French Chamber with its practice of compelling Deputies to speak from the tribune (though they make interruptions and hurl insults from below), conduces to more serious discussions than are common in our great hall, with voices struggling vainly out of the depths. Small as one knows from books and pictures the House of Commons to be, its actual proportions bring amazement to the eye of the American who sees it for the first time. That a body with a membership so much larger than our House of Representatives should do its work in a space so much smaller, cannot fail to astonish. Yet we know that across that table between the Ministerial and the Opposition benches, close-knit debate and high eloquence have for years winged their way; while the amount of public business done has not been kept small by the size of the room.

Nothing will really be done about the tariff, of course, till the extra session, but some of the preliminary work is significant. Probably no item is more important than the recommendations

of the special committee on wood pulp and printing paper. Appointed last year as a means of staving off action on the President's recommendation that wood-pulp be admitted free of duty, and the rates on paper cut down, the committee has made long inquiry and has felt bound by the evidence to urge that wood-pulp be put on the free list, practically, and that the duty on printing paper be reduced from \$6 a ton to \$2. This shows that the facts can at last penetrate even the triply-protected heads of protectionists.

The action of Congress finally provides the means by which justice may be done to the negro soldiers discharged from the army by the President. Decision as to who was innocent is to be taken entirely out of his hand, a board of army officers is to pass upon the evidence against each man, and when satisfied that no proof of guilt exists, is to certify to that effect to the Secretary of War. If that official approves the findings, the soldier will be reinstated, with back pay and rating, as if he had never been discharged. Thus, tardily but surely, Congress has taken steps to undo the wrong. It was in August, 1906, that the shooting occurred in Brownsville, and after the November elections in that year Mr. Roosevelt issued his order. As time has elapsed not one shred of conclusive evidence against any particular soldier has been discovered.

We have so often criticised Congressman Hobson for his wild predictions that war with Japan is imminent, and for his big-navy mania, that we take particular pleasure in calling attention to his speech on Saturday for the bill to restore the negro soldiers. Most of the South's Representatives in Congress have supported the President, because the soldiers concerned were black. Mr. Hobson seems to have been the only one who dared to vote for the bill. "This speech," he said, "will cost me a contest in my district, and may cause my defeat for reelection." But having been an officer of the United States navy for eighteen years, he knows that the procedure adopted by President Roosevelt was wholly irregu-

lar. Instead of ordering a court of inquiry with a subsequent court-martial, the President "scattered the guilty and the innocent to the four winds and prevented the execution of justice." Mr. Hobson then recalled that a black man took his wounded father from Chancellorsville; that black men took care of his mother and grandmother after the Emancipation Proclamation had set them free; that he had seen the black man fight in Cuba and the Philippines. In his belief, the white man would remain supreme in this country, but this, Mr. Hobson added, "makes it all the more imperative that he should give absolute justice to the black man." These generous and brave words deserve full recognition.

Among the benefits of the direct-primary plan is the opportunity of the voters to consider the candidates for the less conspicuous offices. At this point it is that the control of the bosses over nominations is most evident. Seldom has a more thoroughly machine-made ticket been put before the people than the remainder of the one which Gov. Hughes headed last fall. From White to Dunn it was the product of the conferences of a small group of the leaders. When Frederick Skene and Julius Hauser were nominated for State Engineer and Treasurer, respectively, by the Buffalo Democratic Convention in 1906, hardly a delegate in the hall had ever heard of either of them; the nominations were made in the closing hours of a sensational convention, everybody was tired out, many of the delegates had actually left the hall. If the people had anything to say about candidates for important public office, is it conceivable that a Jackson would ever be nominated for Attorney-General or a Gaus for State Controller? Such men as these get on the ticket under cover of the fight for the place at the top. According to the plan proposed by Gov. Hughes, both organizations would be obliged to announce nearly two months before the election precisely whom they intended to favor for each office. The enrolled voters would have opportunity, first to influence the party committee, then to propose contesting nominations, and to support

them in the primary; and the people of both parties would have a chance to see what manner of men the machines seriously talked of putting in office.

No public man could ask for a more spontaneous or more generous greeting than was given to Mr. Root at the dinner of the Peace Society last week. The demonstrations of gratitude for what Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, has done for international amity were in themselves notable proof of the ever-growing public interest in doing away with war. Mr. Root has been so little of a self-advertiser, however, that in these days of skilled press agents and publicity managers, his achievements have not received the attention they deserve. The signing of a great arbitration treaty continues to be of less moment to the press than an attack upon some unoffending foreign resident in some Western city, and the months of anxious and difficult negotiation which lie behind the treaty are seldom revealed. In this field Mr. Root's services will, for at least a generation to come, be a spur to his successors to win some of those bloodless victories for peace which are so infinitely superior to those won by that "sum of all evils," the resort to arms.

The demonstration of the woman suffragists at Albany last week was the most impressive yet made in this State. If there was a delegation of women in opposition, that was but one proof more that the movement has now to be taken seriously. The old way of dismissing it with ridicule is no longer possible. And it is now a country-wide and world-wide movement. People talk of it as revolutionary, but the main revolution—that in the economic status of women—has already come. One speaker against the franchise gravely argued that sound political ideas could be acquired only in shops and offices and the professions, and that, therefore, women could not be expected to have them; but the fact is that shops and offices and the professions are swarming with women. All this new stirring of theirs for political rights is the inevitable result of their having to go out into the world to make their own way. It is doubtless only a question of time when democracies will find it expedient to give them the ballot to go with their bread-winning.

The demoralization of the steel trade may easily be explained, without recourse to the theory of "tariff agitation." No one denies that a proposed change in the rates of duty will have some effect in activity of trade. Manufacturers are not likely to stock up five or six months ahead with raw material, when a chance exists that they may be able to purchase for lower prices. Such conditions would naturally mean deliberate and cautious buying. But when one compares the influence of these conditions with the influence exerted by a schedule of prices artificially held at so high a level that it was difficult for manufacturers, in the present reduced consumption, to figure out a profit, it will be seen at once which consideration is paramount. Not only was the recent price of steel—higher than in 1905 or 1901—justly regarded as exorbitant, but all previous experience taught the buyer that the artificial prices could not be long maintained. In the case of an outright "corner," the simplest man knows beforehand how violent the readjustment of prices is bound to be; and it is impossible to escape a similar reckoning in such cases as the artificially bolstered market for copper in 1901, or steel in 1908. That conditions in the steel trade should be used as an argument against reduction of excessive tariff duties, illustrates curiously the mental processes of the high protectionist. Artificial prices, with the inevitable confusion and relapse which follow them, are largely made possible by the height of the tariff barrier. Supposing steel prices to have remained under control of the "stand-pat" interest, indifferent to the consumer's plight, there was no limit to the possible marking-up of prices, short of passing the level where the tariff excluded foreign competition. No more convincing proof has ever been given of the extent to which our present protective system plays into the hands of Trusts. In the case of steel, it is the consumer's good fortune that economic law still operates in this country, even in the face of accumulated capital and an absurdly high rate of duty on imported merchandise.

The third annual report of the president and the treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of

Teaching, shows how steadily, under the pressure of its retiring pensions to professors and their widows, our colleges are abandoning denominational tests in every form and are raising requirements for entrance and graduation. Every year makes it clearer that the college which offers the great inducement of the Carnegie pension, is in a position not only to hold its own most competent teachers, but also to pick the flower of the institutions that are less favorably situated. Thus the maintenance of sectarian requirements, which are often merely nominal, is becoming altogether too costly. Within the period covered by the report, Drake University of Des Moines, Central University of Kentucky, Drury College of Springfield, Mo., and Franklin College of Franklin, Ind., have changed their charters so as to abolish all denominational tests in the choice of trustees, officers, and teachers. Bowdoin turned over to Andover Theological Seminary \$50,000 that it received on condition that the president and both college boards should "always be in doctrinal and religious sympathy with the Orthodox Congregational Churches of New England"; and in the case of another gift with similar stipulation, Bowdoin secured a release from the sole heir of the donor. Furthermore, the pensions are given only to institutions which demand fourteen "units" for admission; and there is an interesting table showing how colleges in all parts of the country, but particularly in the South and West, are steadily advancing their standards, in some cases from as low as 5.5 units. Many of these colleges are not yet up to the requirement, but they will doubtless reach it in a few years. This means, obviously, a great increase in the efficiency and usefulness of the colleges, a stimulus also to the high schools and academies that do the preparatory work, and a general "toning up" of our educational system, from the professional school down to the kindergarten.

The resignation of the Bond Cabinet in Newfoundland will necessitate a readjustment of the world's mental attitude towards that tight and rather hard little island. Newfoundland without Bond is almost as inconceivable as Mexico without Diaz. Sir Robert is an excellent fighter, as this country has good

reason to know. But the people of Newfoundland know it, too, and so do the rulers of the British Empire whom the Prime Minister of its oldest but by no means most important colony never spared his plain speaking. He dies hard. His Ministry goes down in an absolute deadlock with the Opposition, and it may require a new general election to break the tie. A career like that of Sir Robert Bond illustrates the innate conservatism of the British spirit, which is perhaps displayed quite as strikingly in the colonies as in England itself. Let a good man come into power in a British dependency, and he seems uncommonly secure against that sudden undermining of popularity and power which statesmen must fear in most democracies. Sir Robert Bond came to office in 1900. The late Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, ruled that colony from 1893 to 1906. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier has completed his third term, he will have guided Canadian destinies for eighteen years, of which thirteen have already passed.

The British Admiralty, not content with leading the world in battleship construction, in the advance of submarine tactics, in torpedo-boat destroyers, in turbine engines, and in almost every other branch of naval development, has now laid the keel of a funnelless battleship to be propelled by internal-combustion gas engines. If the bureaucrats of our Navy Department follow precedent, we shall see that in about two years our chief naval constructor will begin to talk about the subject; in three years the matter will be referred to a special board of officers for a report; at the end of four years, six months will be spent in an animated departmental discussion, pro and con, of the gas engine; and in five years we, too, shall lay the keel of a funnelless battleship.

The satisfaction in Germany over the new patent treaty with the United States should find its echo in this country. If this enlightened agreement is ratified by the Senate, it should be followed by similar treaties with other countries—France first, we hope. But not with England, for the treaty with Germany is based on just the opposite principle of the law recently enacted in Great Britain requiring foreign holders of English patents to manufacture in

England or forfeit their patents. That such an essentially protectionist measure could have been fostered by a Liberal government devoted on principle to free trade, is one of the anomalies of recent English politics. If the Senate approves, inventors in the United States and Germany will stand on precisely the same footing. This will be another important step forward in wiping out international boundaries, by means of a compact drawn in an admirable spirit of friendliness and for the mutual advantage of both countries.

Chancellor von Bülow is again on a precarious footing. He has been able to make little or no progress with his bills providing new revenue, and finds that in the proposal for death-duties he is in the extraordinary position of being supported by only the Radicals and Socialists and the National Liberals—the three Left parties. For any Chancellor to receive the aid of the Socialists whom the Emperor has denounced as traitors, is almost in itself enough to alienate the Conservatives. The Centre is, of course, still at odds with Bülow and still pretending to enjoy its isolation in the Reichstag. But this situation with the Centre alienated and the Chancellor in the arms of Radicals and Socialists is too unnatural to last. Undoubtedly, the Centre would welcome a dissolution, but the chances are that, as hinted in the dispatches, a compromise in regard to the death duties will be effected, by which Von Bülow will recede from what he declared was positively his last stand. In his desperation he declared, the other day, that it had become a matter of national life and death to get these proposals through the Reichstag. But even this warning would not make the Conservatives and Clericals yield on the death duties.

The question of Russia's administrative policy at Harbin in northern Manchuria turns up in very much the same form it assumed last year when there was some inclination to regard Russia's action as constituting an attack on Chinese sovereignty. For that view, there is, on the whole, little basis. The Russian concession at Harbin, covering some hundred square miles and running for ninety-nine years, was obtained, of course, some years before the war with

Japan. The treaty of Portsmouth has nothing in it that invalidates the provisions of the grant made by the Chinese government to the Russo-Chinese bank. The right to erect a municipal government and impose taxes, as claimed by Russia, is not connected with the right of policing the Manchurian railway. The Harbin grant carried with it the ownership of the land and the right to sublease. Hence it is probable that the taxes which the Russian authorities are now reported to be forcing upon Chinese merchants in Harbin may turn out to be only a form of rent. Russia's right to erect a separate municipal government at Harbin is far more dubious, though even here the question is a complicated one. That explains our government's somewhat cautious attitude in the matter.

If it is a disappointment that the International Opium Commission at Shanghai has adjourned after more than three weeks' deliberation without having accomplished anything it set out to do, it is no less discouraging to read that it was the attitude of the British delegates which rendered the efforts of the Commission nugatory. There were at Shanghai representatives of China, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Japan, and Portugal, and their object was to arrive at "definite suggestions of measures which the respective governments may adopt looking to the gradual suppression of opium cultivation, traffic, and use within their Eastern possessions, thus assisting China in her purpose of eradicating the evil in the Empire." On England naturally rests the main moral responsibility. Her reprehensible share in fastening the opium habit on China has never been explained away. On the other hand, England has during the last two years supported China in her war against the drug. The British Government has agreed to abolish opium in all forms in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and Hongkong, while India is to reduce its export of 51,000 chests of opium by 5,100 chests every year for the ten years ending 1917. That would seem to be evidence enough of England's sincere desire to help China; and we find it hard, therefore, to understand why the attitude of England should have made the Shanghai Commission a failure.

POLITICS AND WEST POINT.

Congressman Slayden of Texas has done excellent service in calling the attention of Congress and the country to the manner in which the discipline of West Point and the authority of its officials are being steadily undermined by politics. Proof appears in the documents transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, Mr. Wright, in response to a House resolution of February 10, asking for information in regard to the cadets who have recently been brought to book for deficiencies in conduct or studies. Some of the correspondence Mr. Wright declined to give, or forwarded only in part, on the ground that the matter was confidential.

The most important discovery is that the two worst offenders are Secretary Wright and the President himself, avowed enemy of the politicians. When the question of punishing certain cadets for hazing came up last summer, it was speedily made plain that Secretary Wright was wholly unable to realize the serious nature of the hazing at West Point, or the gravity of overruling the Superintendent of the Academy and his officers. The compromise at that time—the dismissal of two cadets and the suspension of the others for eight months—was adopted in spite of the united protests of Col. Scott, the Superintendent, and the Academic Board. As if to show his contempt for their attitude, Mr. Wright even went so far as to inform Congress that he had no objection to the bill introduced with the purpose of reappointing the dismissed cadets—no objection to overriding the laws against hazing, no objection to seeing the hazers return in triumph to flout their officers and inform their fellows that it is easy to get round a colonel when you have a Secretary on your side!

Bad as that case was, the more recent one is even worse. Now it is a clear case of failure in studies and in conduct of two first-class men, Cadets Fletcher of Providence, R. I., and Pendleton of South Ballston, Va., and three of the third class, Gonser of Elmira, Holliday of Kirkwood, Ill., and Thompson of Chattanooga. The Academic Board, after carefully going over their records and giving each one an opportunity to state whether the demerits against him were due to injustice or malice, ordered dismissal from the Academy. Some men are dropped in

this way every year; sometimes the derelictions are slight, from the point of view of the civilian, but the number of demerits—108 end the cadet's career—is usually plain evidence that the cadet is too slack to have in him the material of a good officer. Hitherto, such findings of the Academic Board, or of the special board appointed in certain instances, have always been final. To the amazement of the entire Academy, as soon as the political friends of the cadets could reach Washington, a reconsideration was ordered, and the President himself on January 4 wrote an autograph letter to the Secretary of War, as follows:

There are five young men who have been recommended for dismissal by the Academic Board at West Point for what seems to me insufficient reasons. . . . Cannot the Academic Board be reconvened to consider again its action so far as relates to these men? It seems to me that the needs of the service can be met by some arrangement less than discharge. I think it would be an entirely needless hardship to turn these boys out. If necessary, let them each go back one year.

The Academic Board pointed out that these cadets were not boys, but men over twenty-two years of age, two of them well into their twenty-fourth year, and that:

It has been the practice of the Academic Board heretofore to regard a deficiency in conduct as final, and as one of the most satisfactory proofs that can be secured of the unfitness of an individual for the military career.

The board then voiced this earnest protest against the subordination of the Academy to politics and the undermining of its own influence:

The Academic Board, with a long and intimate experience of the disciplinary methods of this institution, and the effects upon the cadets of unusual leniency, respectfully asks an earnest consideration of the very serious effect upon the morale of a body of young men who are being educated to high standards of conduct and of honor in seeing the disciplinary standards of the institution set aside in spite of the warnings of experience and the admonitions of their superior officers. If the young gentlemen of the corps feel that upon every occasion when they have brought upon themselves the penalties of failure, and when, after the administration of the institution has conscientiously sat in judgment upon their status, a reversal can be obtained by an appeal to higher authorities, the administrative authority of the institution is brought into contempt and the powerful influences which an impartial operation of the governing mechanism of military education should bring about is nullified.

Unfortunately, however, the board, "in

deference to the judgment of the wishes of the President of the United States," recommended "with reluctance that Cadets Fletcher and Pendleton be suspended without pay and allowance until January 1, 1910," and suggested a similar mitigation of the sentences of the others. The President insisted upon this being done.

Why should there be an Academic Board if somebody in Washington is to overrule it? Why should any cadet obey its laws if he has behind him an able Congressman? Will the cadets not read the memorandum prepared for the Secretary of War in which the Chief of Staff says?—

Herewith will be found requests on behalf of these cadets, as follows:

For Cadet Pendleton, from Senator Daniels and Representative Glass.

For Cadet Fletcher, from Senator Wetmore and Representative Granger.

For Cadet Gonser, from Representative Fassett; also verbal request from Representative Landis.

For Cadet Holliday, from Representative McKinney (both verbal and written).

Representatives Fassett, McKinney, and Landis called in person to see Gen. Oliver during your absence.

Cadet Thompson of Tennessee, who belongs to the third class, was found deficient in mathematics and drawing. There is a request on his behalf from Senator Frazier and Representative Moon.

Will not the cadets draw the proper inference that these visits were successful? Will they ever see, on the other hand, the statement in Theodore Roosevelt's annual message of 1901?—

Every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect.

THE GROWING DREAD OF WAR.

The most cheerful news of the fortnight is the report that the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin have practically agreed to impose upon Serbia a policy of moderation with respect to Austria-Hungary. "To make representations at Belgrade," is the formal phrase; but, actually, intervention at Belgrade means also intervention at Vienna. If Serbia is persuaded to keep the peace by refraining from impossible demands, it follows that Austria will not be allowed to endanger peace by further exasperating the feelings of the Servian people. It is to be noted that among the Powers that signed the

Treaty of Berlin is Germany, which hitherto has refused to exercise on its ally pressure of any kind. That Germany should now actively intervene means that the end of the Balkan trouble is in sight. The agreement between Turkey and Austria concerning Bosnia-Herzegovina was signed at Constantinople last week. The difficulties between Turkey and Bulgaria are as good as settled. It remained for this latest declaration of Europe in favor of peace to scatter definitely the war clouds that have hung over the Continent since October. Now, as at the outbreak of the difficulty, the chief merit of working for harmony is due to the French government.

The behavior of Europe during these months of bewilderment and anxiety should give deep satisfaction to all friends of international peace. The idea has been so long dinned into us that Europe is a powder magazine, ready to go off at the slightest flash; the nations have been so continuously pictured as panting to fly at one another's throats; the Near East has been regarded for so many years as the world's peculiar danger spot; and we have been told so often that the slightest political readjustment in that devoted area must sweep all Europe into a general catastrophe, that we cannot but wonder that the course of Balkan history during the last five months should have been what it is. According to our prophets of glory and slaughter, the nations were so eager for war that an insignificant island in the Ægean, a fracas in a Macedonian village, a dispute between two frontier officials, might be enough to start a general conflagration. Instead, the Near East has passed through great changes and war has not broken out. The Turkish sovereignty in Europe has been seriously curtailed, Austria and Bulgaria have seized upon their long-coveted territory, a section of the Slav population in the Balkans has been thrown into violent commotion—and the result has been that on two important occasions a concert of the Powers has taken its stand squarely on the side of peace, and that the international politics are probably more amicable now than for years.

Only one deduction is possible from the facts: Europe is not the lurking place of sanguinary ambition that the Jingo and professional alarmist in

every country would make it out to be. The madness of military and naval competition, of course, is there. The intensity of nervous, often unreasoning, suspicion is also there. But undeniably in this mad striving after more field batteries and Dreadnoughts, the nations of Europe stagger on with a good deal of sickness at heart. It is easy to find a cynical reason why the Powers should intervene for peace in the Balkans. France traditionally wants peace; Russia is still crippled from its Manchurian adventure; Italy is torn between its Balkan ambitions and its duty to its allies, and would rather wait; Great Britain is this, and Germany is that, and so on. True in part; but equally true, and patently true, in the entire course of the Balkan disturbance has been the sincere dread of war that has been a sombre undertone to the daily shiftings and variations of the professional diplomats. The old diplomatic language of bluster and covert threat has been heard, but it has sounded as if spoken by men who were repeating the ancient warlike phrases while their minds were working in new habits of peace.

For all right-minded men in England and Germany who view with horror and disgust the stupid game of mutual exasperation in which the two leading Powers in Europe are now blindly engaged, the settlement of the Balkan difficulty cannot come too soon. It will be as a clamp upon the mouths of the preachers of hatred. Englishmen who have been taught to go to sleep trembling at the thought of German invasion, Germans who wait daily for news that the British have fallen upon the Kaiser's fleet, should find enlightenment in the events of these last five months in southeastern Europe. If Germany is bent on a trial of strength with England, why has she neglected the Balkan opportunity? If England wants to destroy the German fleet, why has she counselled Turkey to peace and labored with France towards the same end? The Jingo, of course, can never be permanently silenced; but men of common sense of both nations should conclude from the successful weathering of this general European storm that on neither side of the North Sea is the passion for blood so strong as evil report has painted it.

And for us, too, there is a lesson in the latest turn in the Balkans. It was

brought out forcefully by Mr. Root at the dinner of the Peace Society. When we see how Europe passes safely through severe and infinitely trying complications, we should awake to the full absurdity of the cry that a war with Japan is inevitable and imminent. Europe, a mass of huddled, jostling nationalities, a conglomeration of age-old rivalries, jealousies, and hatreds, a complex of units that touch each other at a thousand sensitive points, this Europe which is, in truth, one great armed camp, can yet find the path of peace through myriad difficulties. We, on the other hand, who have grown and thriven within limitless spaces, whose temper should have escaped all the irritations that international competition brings with it, no sooner meet a serious international problem than our Hobsons begin to talk as if there were nothing for it but war. Europe, being close-packed elbow to elbow, finds a way out. But the United States and Japan, with nine thousand miles of the Pacific between, are not far enough apart to avoid quarrelling. Never has the clamor of the international blackguards—the word is Mr. Root's—rung so empty.

THE NEW HOPE IN INDIA.

The Society for the Advancement of India has addressed an open letter to Mr. Roosevelt in which it takes exception to the President's eulogy on the British administration in India delivered last January in the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church at Washington. The Society for the Advancement of India is a militant anti-British organization, whose motto is "Thorough." Naturally it protests when Mr. Roosevelt says that "in India we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region on another continent"; or that "the mass of the people have been and are far better off than ever before, and far better off than they would be now if English control were overthrown or withdrawn"; or "that England does not draw a penny from India for English purposes"; or "that the part England has played in India has been to the immeasurable advantage of India." The Society's letter then goes on to state—and forcibly—the case against British

rule in India, in its severest form. The burden of the charge is familiar: India is a slave Empire, subjected, according to the belief of some, to a "worse than Russian despotism"; its inhabitants are taxed to death by an unrepresentative government; there is now neither freedom of the press nor the right of trial by jury; more than one hundred million dollars a year goes to England annually in the form of pensions, savings from salaries, profits from business enterprises, interest on English investments, and military expenditure. Crushing taxes, insufficient irrigation works, the discouragement of domestic industrial development, have made India a land of chronic famine. There were, in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, thirteen famines, with an estimated loss of 6,500,000 lives; there were in the last quarter of the century, eighteen famines, with an estimated loss ranging from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000 lives.

Whether India as it is to-day is Britain's glory or Britain's shame, is a matter, however, less capable of demonstration, and, on the whole, of less practical importance than the fact that India to-day is Britain's great responsibility. The picture evoked by the uncompromising critics of British rule, though it may be true in most of its sad essentials, is yet incomplete, because it leaves out of account the immensely difficult nature of the problem with which England has had to deal. On the other hand, England's great argument that she has given India peace and stability does not wear so well as it used to. Of what avail is the boasted Pax Britannica, if with peace cometh not contentment, or even the certainty of daily bread? Translated into political terms, the practical impossibility of England's withdrawing from India, or even bestowing full Parliamentary government, faces the other impossibility of refusing any longer to yield the people of India that proper share in the management of their own affairs which their own needs and qualifications and the spirit of the age demand. And fortunate it is that, after nearly a half-decade of great unrest, the necessary spirit of compromise appears to be establishing itself in India among rulers and subjects alike.

The open letter from which we have

quoted dismisses Lord Morley's plan of reforms contemptuously:

A few more Indian gentlemen would be made advisers of the Government, but they would have no power over taxation or expenditure or anything else.

Yet "a few more Indian gentlemen" is hardly a fair summary of the new provision that henceforth in the provincial legislative councils the non-official element shall constitute an absolute majority. An absolute majority with the right to bring forward "supplementary questions," or to interpellate the government as we should call it, ought not to leave the natives without influence, if the Hindu's shrewd genius for politics is what both the critics and supporters of the present system admit it to be. Moreover, the objection that it is not the legislative, but the executive councils that wield the real power in India, is specifically met by the provision, under the new plan, for the admission of natives to the executive councils. Note, too, the attitude of concession in the last Indian National Congress at Madras, where Lord Morley's plan was commended as granting the natives a fair share in the government of their own country, without "placing the ideal of absolute autonomy before undeveloped minds, 'those too young to be wise and too impulsive to be rational.'" When the representatives of the soberest native thought in India can speak in this fashion; when, on the other hand, the Tory London *Times* can admit that "the claim advanced by many sections of the Indian peoples to a larger share in their own affairs is now admitted by most competent authorities to be reasonable and just," the ground for a peaceful settlement seems more than clear.

The question of complete self-government for India under a Parliamentary system cannot become an immediate one. England may scarcely be blamed if she waits till the system for Asia has been tested in Persia, in Turkey, and even in China. At the same time every concession made now must lead in that direction. We need not hold with the members of the Society for the Advancement of India that that country is now able to rule itself, in order to dissent from Lord Morley's view that "a Parliamentary system in India is not the goal to which I, for one, would aspire." The general trend is toward the Parliamentary system, which seems bound to

come in time. The struggle for rights is a preparation for citizenship, and diverse ethnic and political elements may be hammered into a nationality by the very sense of a common wrong or need.

HUMOR AND STATESMEN.

Mr. Taft "had his little joke," we read now and then in the papers. And he takes with infinite good-nature the jests that are made, and the stories that are told, at his expense. He did this in the campaign, and he has done it since. Evidently, he is not a man whom the awful dignity of the Presidency will congeal. His hearty enjoyment of a good laugh raises, however, the question whether a strong sense of humor is a valuable asset for a public man, and what are the due limits of its display. Mr. Taft does not, for example, crack any jokes in his inaugural address. But why not? Why should we think it indiscreet or improper if he did?

Lincoln's instinct and Lincoln's example in this matter are safe guides. Privately, he was a man who "jested with all ease." His stories, his odd and homely sayings, were retailed about the country, giving offence to some, it must be remembered, but pleasure to most. They showed that we had an approachable, human President, and the people liked to know that. What they did not know at the time was that Lincoln's humor was often a safety-valve, preventing the pressure under which he quivered from becoming too terrible. But in his public addresses, in his communications to Congress and the people and the press, Lincoln was never jocose. He was aware that even a humorous democracy wished its public affairs to be discussed with high gravity. Public men who forget this, work their own undoing. A really able man, Proctor Knott, could not live down his unfortunate reputation as a humorous speaker. Depew's jokes palled, long before he himself became a joke. It is, as a rule, the grave and earnest and even ponderous men who go farthest in political life. The late Abram S. Hewitt intended to pay a high compliment to Grover Cleveland, when he said of him: "The greatest master of platitudes since George Washington." That was certainly not the only reason of Mr. Cleveland's success, but it is plainly impossible to think of his doing what he

did if he had been merely a jolly man.

The duty of not mixing up levity and statesmanship is illustrated afresh in the recently published *Life of George Canning*. He was a wit as well as a scholar, and his quips at table or in club or in the *Anti-Jacobin*, gave merriment to many. As Minister of the Crown, he could assume the stately manner with the best of them, though there was one occasion when, it has always been said, he let his humor get the better of his instinct for public business. This was the time when he sent his famous "rhyming dispatch" to the British Minister:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.

This was, it now appears, merely a practical joke on his old friend, the Minister, but Canning sent along on the same day an official dispatch in sober diplomatic form. The Minister wrote back to him privately:

I could have slain you! but I got some fun myself, for I afterwards put the fair de-cypher into Douglas's hands, who read it twice without moving a muscle or to this hour discovering that it was not prose, and returned it to me, declaring that it was "oddly worded, but he had always had a feeling that the despatch must relate to discriminating duties."

One law of parsimony, in regard to humor in English public men, has lately been brought to attention in connection with Mr. Lloyd-George: it is that a Chancellor of the Exchequer must never publicly jest about finance. But Mr. Lloyd-George has unhappily done this. When some one in the Commons asserted that a certain financial measure would deprive the Exchequer of its "nest egg," the Chancellor gayly replied that, in such an event, he would be obliged to "rob another hen-roost." The horror which this provoked at the time has deepened, if anything, since. To make a joke about taxes at all was bad enough, but to throw it into the form of a threat of confiscation was almost to undermine the throne. Mr. Lloyd-George's difficulties in framing a budget, great as they must be just now in any case, have undoubtedly been enhanced by what was regarded as his ill-timed levity. Englishmen may damn the North Pole, and speak lightly of the Equator, but they must ever be severe and solemn in the presence of Finance.

The conclusion of the whole matter is

very simple. We should pity a public man who had no capacity for fun-making—who could not take a humorous view of the political pageant, including his own part of it. The statesman who can privately relax, and warm himself by the fire of genial talk, is ordinarily better fitted for his work than the one who keeps himself perpetually tense. But humor overdone or misplaced is fatal to men in great office. Not to judges alone is Bacon's counsel applicable, that in their public appearances they should be "more learned than witty."

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, February 20.

In fiction the publishing season has so far given us no masterpiece. Three of the best written novels have appeared in a cheap series (Fayard) at 1.35 francs a volume—an attempt at breaking through the tradition of the 3.50 book. "Le Meilleur Ami" is by René Boylesve, who for mere prose has for a dozen years been all but the first of living French novelists. His stories are never puritanical, but this one is less cheery than usual. His hero, like *Cyrano* with *Roxane*, as best friend, has to listen to the love confidences of the heroine, whom in honor he can love only in silence. "An old story, yet always new, and he to whom it happens gets a broken heart from it," says the motto from Heine. This author has another short novel soon to appear, which is the deepest, lightest, most spectacular, and readable exhibition of that phenomenon in which French middle-class society centres—"La Jeune Fille bien élevée." "La Colère," a story of temper, by a new writer, Henri Pagat, is well spoken of. "Les Doigts de fée," by Marcel Boulenger, in spite of its popular exterior, gives astonishing pictures of that ultra-worldly Tout-Paris which is farthest removed from the people—that for which life is play-acting to fashion. The author is one of the younger writers who has done most to keep up the high standard of the French language in books of light literature. His hero is unsuited with a wife who goes in too much for fashionable painting and general modernism; her first sister is too sociological to relieve his lot; her second sister, coming up old-fashioned from the provinces, he loves; but the mission of her fairy fingers, which bring a semblance of happiness, is to patch up as best may be the too-modern match.

Paul Laccour, a new writer, pleases with "Sœurette" (Perrin)—the story of one who could be happy with any one of three charmers, each of whom is willing; but he decides which one

only when it is too late for any. "L'Otage" (Plon), by Henri Buteau, also a coming man, is serious, often tragic, in its study of the would-be emancipated woman held fast by the web of customs, manners, laws, opinions of the world into which she was born; the law gives the hostage, the child of free love, into the lawful husband's hands, and she finally follows it—a conservative position which the author evidently approves. The society lady who writes under the pseudonym of Claude Ferval, one of whose books was crowned by the French Academy, has a new novel, "Ciel rouge" (Fasquelle), agitating the same spectre of the community's control over unhappy matrimonies. The prosaic husband kills the poet lover of his wife in a duel; and, for the rest of their natural lives, the two must sit together at their haunted hearth, making a brave show to the world—to save the innocent daughter.

Francis de Miomandre received the 1908 prize of the Goncourt Academy for a novel with a title from Keats's "Écrit sur de l'eau"; he had secured a publisher for it only in Marseilles (H. Falque). It is the diary of a young *meridional*, who tries to "do literature" with all the young coteries of the day. He has abundant humor, pitiless for those of his own age, and his father is a Marseilles Micawber. The writing is free in style—and in ideas. The author has hastened to use his success in an equally free and easy novel on Parisians of to-day, "Le Vent et la poussière" (Calmann-Lévy). Claude Farrère, the pseudonym of a naval lieutenant who carried off the Goncourt prize in 1905, takes for his new novel "La Bataille," the popular form of publication (Fayard).

Among writers of old standing, Léon de Tinseau publishes "Sur les deux rives" (Calmann-Lévy), in which a ruined gentleman transplants his family from the Old to the New France, which is Canada. After his death his son, with the traditions of his race, returns to serve his country as an army officer; but he resigns with heartbreak when he finds the chief services demanded of him under the present régime are to combat striking workmen and expel nuns from the homes which they have built up with their own money, but which the state takes from them. The qualities which have so long made this author one of the best sellers among proper people will be aided by this touch of conservative actuality. Georges Ohnet is also sure of his usual sales in the Philistine world for his new novel, "Un Mariage américain" (Ollendorff). Jules Claretie, Académicien, administrator of the Comédie Française, and for nearly half a century writer of unnumbered books, attacks a youngish problem in his latest novel, "L'Obsession"

(Pierre Lafitte); it is the trouble between *Moi et l'Autre* as they alternate in a double personality. Maurice Barrès pursues the even tenor of his manhood's ways in "Colette Baudoche" (F. Juven)—the history of a young girl of Metz under German rule. The close, merciless, but not unsympathetic, portraiture of the Pomeranian professor, who comes to Teutonize Lorraine and finds himself in the end thrall to the refinement of the civilization which France implanted there, might prove instructive even to German minds, whom it is not intended so much to offend as to edify the French. The style has all the perfect limpid adequacy which even this Nationalist author's most Radical enemies acknowledge. With all the still remembered faults of a dilettante youth, Maurice Barrès, most radical enemies acknowledge, is a leading influence over cultivated Young France.

The literary firm of brothers signing J. H. Rosny has now dissolved, at least enough for a novel, "Marthe Baraquin" (Plon) to appear under the sole signature J. H. Rosny *ainé*. It has all the acrid power of the combined work, which long ago won a public of its own. It is a brutally frank, heart-rending story of a Paris working girl, exposed to all the temptations of the great, wicked city civilized to the point of primitive savagery in its lack of what we once called morals. Perhaps the pathos of it is still moral. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Essex Book and Print Club of Salem, Mass., recently organized, has just issued its first publication, a reprint of the first book on Salem, "New England's Plantation," of which three editions appeared in 1630, all very rare. Besides a photographic reproduction of the first edition, the volume includes a type reprint of the third (which contains considerable additional matter), as well as several other contemporary papers partly printed from manuscripts. The editor has made unusual efforts to trace existing copies of the three editions, and is able to find ten of the first, of which six are in public libraries and four in private collections; he finds five copies of the second edition, of which two are in private collections; and seven copies of the third edition, all but one in public libraries. One hundred and seventy-five copies only of the book are printed in the best manner at the Riverside Press.

On March 8 and 9, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of New York will sell a collection of Americana, including a long list of American periodicals. Among them are the first twelve numbers of the *Harvard Register*, in which Oliver Wendell Holmes's first contributions were printed; and the Boston *Miscellany of Literature and Fashion*, Vols. I and II (1841-42), a magazine of which James Russell Lowell was one of the editors, and which contains numerous contributions by him. There are books on John Brown, books and pamphlets relating to the South and Southwest, and to the Indians.

On March 8 and 9, the Anderson Auction Co. of New York will sell a collection made up partly of books from the libraries of Dr. Martha Bunting and A. G. Browne, jr. Included is the longest series of books, 114 numbers, relating to Africa, offered in any recent sale; upwards of 40 lots on China, and a number of works on the North American Indians. Among the latter is a copy of Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New-England, with the Eastern Indians" (1726), with a portion of the title and last leaf in facsimile. The first edition of Beverly's "The History and Present State of Virginia" (1705) in the original calf binding, is another notable item.

C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston announce the sale, probably in April or May, of the library of the late Amory L. Hollingsworth of Mattapan, Mass. Mr. Hollingsworth's collection is one of the largest and best known of those in New England. Americana, first editions, club publications, books illustrated by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and Alken, and books in special bindings are some of the classes to which he gave particular attention.

The Lenox branch of the New York Public Library has on view for the winter and spring months a little selection of books remarkable in the progress of printing. The earliest known book printed with movable metal types is represented by a beautiful copy of the Gutenberg, or Mazarin, Bible, supposed to have been printed by Gutenberg, assisted by Fust at Mentz, 1453-55. There are two leaves from the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," printed by William Caxton, probably at Bruges about 1474, the first book printed in the English language. The first complete Bible in English is the Coverdale, 1535: No perfect copy is extant but the exhibition contains one of the library's two excellent copies, both of which have been supplied with facsimile leaves for those missing. The first book printed in America in the English language is the "Bay Psalm Book," 1640. The first book in Roman type, printed by Nicholas Jenson (Venice, 1470), is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art, entitled, "De Præparatione Evangelica," written by Pamphilus Eusebius. The first book in Italic type, an imitation of Petrarch's manuscripts, is a Virgil by Aldus, Venice, 1501. The inventor of stereotyping was William Ged, and the book in which he first employed the new method is entitled "C. Crispi Sallusti Belli Catilinarum et Jugurthinum Historiarum," Edinburgh, 1739. The first monthly magazine published in England was the *Gentleman's Journal: or the Monthly Miscellany*, London, January, 1697. Benjamin Franklin established the first monthly magazine in English America, the *General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, Philadelphia, January, 1741.

Correspondence.

THE ÆNEID TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After ten years of forced labor in modern literature, I have at last been able to go back to the Æneid. It is twenty years since I left school, cocked and primed for the college entrance examination, and confident that what I did not know about the

first six books was not worth knowing. All the trick lines had been scanned, the mythology worked up, and in trochee, dactyl, synecdoche, indirect question and relative clause of characteristic there was no mystery for me. Such was my Æneid twenty years ago—a text-book of Latin syntax and prosody—and such it is to the average boy of eighteen, to the shame of our schools be it said! Why don't we all—we who have once drunk of this rich Latin poetry—go back in after years to revel in the stately verse, to tune ourselves afresh to the pitch of its noble lessons? "Quam multas nobis imagines non solum ad intuendum, verum etiam ad imitandum fortissimorum virorum expressas scriptores et Græci et Latini reliquerunt!" (Pardon the Latin, Mr. Editor. I know there are still some of your readers who enjoy the flavor of the original.)

Last summer, stretched out upon the sand, I read over the first six books—the narrative of the sea voyage of the Trojan exiles—and as I looked out across the bay it was easy to imagine the little ships of Æneas scudding through the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the water curling under the prows, and the Nymphs as escort. The last six books have been more appropriately read these winter evenings before my study fire. For the Æneid is one of those matchless books of which Cicero might have said: "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." Here I have watched those hand-to-hand fights of the Rutulians, Latins, and Trojans for the possession of the fair Italian land; here I have sorrowed for the gallant men on either side who knew not what surrender was, but who, fighting to the last gasp, accepted the decree of Fate:

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Great souls they were, and worthy epic ancestors of those mediæval knights who, when laid low, took communion of the greensward, uttered a last prayer for mercy to the Cross on their sword-hilt, and then—well; then their souls were borne off by the angels to the flowery fields of Paradise.

There is a Christian Rome and a Pagan Rome; and there is a Christian Virgil and a Pagan Virgil. But whether we regard him as the wonder-working magician of mediæval legend or as the court poet of Augustus, it is a joy to find that Virgil was a man with feelings and emotions like our own. Could anything be more exquisitely pathetic than Andromache's tears over the boy Ascanius as he recalls to her by his face and bearing that little son of hers, the cherished replica of her lost Hector:

O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago,
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Et nunc æquali tecum pubesceret ævo.

Yet, I do not recall that any teacher ever directed our attention to such lines as these, where the poet has stamped the image of a mother's heart.

The whole of the second, third, and fourth books should be read as a love story. The pageant of Dido's broken heart has been trailed through the world's classrooms for centuries; yet, the ministrations of sister Anna are as solicitous, the tragic grief of Dido is as poignant, and the easy faithlessness of Æneas is as unpardonable as they ever were. For this Æneas, as I see

him to-day, is more admirable as a builder of empires than in the guise of a lover. This "Fate business" is a weak argument! You cannot clear your skirts of duty quite so easily nowadays. If the gods had kept their fingers out of it, Æneas would have tarried in Carthage and married Dido. Then, mayhap, Carthage and not Rome would have been the Eternal City. Ah! but in that case we should have had no Virgil and no Æneid. And so I put down my book and fall to thinking of all we should have missed if there had been no Rome.

A. C. Benson has written nothing more to my fancy than his remarks in "The Schoolmaster":

To omit intellectual enjoyment from our programme, to pass over one of the strongest of boyish faculties, seems to me the kind of mistake that will be regarded some years hence as both pitiable and ludicrous.

I thought of these words when I came to the Trojan games in the fifth book. It is counted a hard bit of translation, and an examiner is apt to include a passage from it in his paper. But how easily a boy's interest could be aroused in the outcome of the "events" as they are run off on sea and land! What fierce contests, what heart-breaking finishes! Would it not be a fairer test of the boy's knowledge and appreciation to ask for his comment upon the conduct of this classic "meet"? I can fancy that eyes would brighten when they fell upon such a question. So little human interest is expected from our Latin teachers. It would be so easy for them to rouse us, if they would give us at times just a little literary appreciation.

After the sixth book, it was all new to me. There is a great deal of fighting—too much for one who is sated with mediæval swashbucklery and tournaments. I am not sure that Virgil can describe a fight any better than the French epic poets. Probably he did not know so much about it at first hand; for if the middle age writers speak with authority about anything, it is about fighting. I like Virgil better when he descends to the intimate details of personal emotions. It may be heresy to say so, but I am a layman, and may speak as I feel. My sympathy for the helpless, the bereaved, the defeated, the slain, is far more intense than my share in the thrill of victory and dominion. There is a wonderful simplicity and domesticity in the picture of "poor Evander" and his little city. Like the Cid's father, Evander laments his inability to defend himself: old age has robbed him of his sometime strength; he must place the defence of his honor in the hands of his son, Pallas. The depth of the old man's love for his son is measured by the clinging embrace at separation, the prayers to the gods, and the swoon in which the interview is ended.

I trust it will not sound morbid to say that there is nothing better in the poem than the death scenes and the emotions which are their inevitable accompaniment. No more dignified attitude in the presence of death can be found than the stoic calm of these old warriors as they answer the last summons. Antenor, for example,

coelumque
Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

For a parallel, we think of Roland dying at Ronceval and harking back to *douce France*. Or again, the declaration of Tur-

nus, who, according to his lights, like Saint Paul, had fought the good fight and could say without boasting:

Descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus
avorum.

In fact, these last six books are full of wisdom for the living as well as of inspiration for the dying. Anchises in his prophecy to Æneas, bids him be ever true to the principles of his ancestors: to spare the weak, to hand out lilies, to fight the proud, and to keep within wise limits. What more might Rome not have been, had she hearkened in her later days to such counsel? And shall not we heed it in our day and generation? For each of us, like Æneas, may still be said to be

Attollens humero famamque et fata nepotum.

Æneas, at least, never forgot the injunction, for he passed on the words to Ascanius:

Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas,
Sis memor et te, animo repetentem exempla
tuorum,
Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector.

And so Virgil was able to make this love of country, this stoic defiance of misfortune, these multifarious strifes and passions, live on eternally through all the flotsam and jetsam of later literature. He has made good his promise to keep alive by his song the memory of his heroes:

Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aeo.

To us, too, the injunction comes, not in a narrow sense to decorate the graves of our defenders, but to cherish warm the lesson of their death:

Egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
Hanc patriam peperere suo, decore supremis
Muneribus.

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT.

Haverford College, Pa., March 3.

THE HANGING OF ANIMALS ON A GAL- LOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Toward the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a certain German, Count Mümpelgart, who, being of an inquiring mind and restless disposition, set forth in 1592 to visit England and its great Queen. He gained his object; and immortality in addition. In him, Charles Knight detected "the Garmaine Duke" and "the cosen garmombles" of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in the Quarto of 1602. Halliwell followed up with ardor this conjecture of Knight, and discovered so many references in the play, all tending to prove that Doctor Caius and Sir Hugh Evans have in mind this Count Mümpelgart (who, in 1593, became the "Duke of Württemberg") that he deems "the way in which [this conjecture] is unravelled" to be "one of the most curious circumstances, in its way, in Shakespearean criticism." Staunton refuses to follow Knight and Halliwell, but his argument is weakened by his confusing the Dukes of Wirtemberg. He mistook the son for the father.

"His Serene Highness, Prince, and Lord, Lord Frederick, Duke of Württemberg and Teckh, Count Mümpelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient Orders, of St. Michael in France, and of the Garter in England in 1592" (thus is he designated

on the title page of his travels), was really a noteworthy man; albeit the persistence with which, for ten years, he pestered Queen Elizabeth to confer the Garter on him, was surely worthy of a better cause.* His assumption of that honor in the foregoing list of his titles is a grace snatched beyond the bounds of truth; but, to be perfectly fair, I should add that it is printed in very, very small type, as though to minimize the untruth. His investiture did not occur till 1604, after Elizabeth's death. In all his travels—he visited Switzerland and Italy, as well as England—he was accompanied by a private secretary, whose duty it was to keep a journal of his lord's wanderings. During his travels in England, this secretary was Jacob Rathgeb, or Rathgeben—the Germans of aforetime had an uncomfortable way of declining proper names; in the present instance "Rathgeben" is preceded grammatically by a "von." To the honest Jacob's account of his master's English journey, we are almost incalculably indebted for details of English manners and customs, nowhere else, I believe, to be found. On the return home of the duke, Rathgeb's journal was published as an account of a "bathing-trip"—a stroke of humor so mirthful as to need an explanation. On the return voyage from England, the ship Sambson encountered a storm so furious that all gave themselves up for lost; and small wonder, when the captain, the pilot, and the sailors became so tired that they all threw themselves down on the deck in any corner they could find. Three times his Serene Highness and all the passengers sat up to their waists in water. Herein lies the joke of the title-page; for a day and a night the trip was one prolonged bath.

Amid the mass of details in this volume, there is one trifling item which may prove afresh that Shakespeare is always exactly right. On p. 24 *recto* (my copy is dated 1604, and is, I believe, the second edition) we read as follows:

At midday your Highness had dinner at a pleasant little village called Winsello [Winslow], and by night at Bethore [Bedford?]. Between these two places there is chiefly a sandy plain or heath where are many wild rabbits, not confined in gardens, but running free, so that fifty or sixty of all colours are sent together, but run quickly into their burrows. In such regions they catch wild-cats, polecats, or birds of prey which harm the rabbits. All these, after having been skinned, are hung on a gallows, as they do wolves.

Here we have an authority for Gratiano's address to Shylock:

Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet.
iv, 4, 141.

In Shakespeare's time, then, wolves were hanged on a gallows. We infer from the faithful Jacob that the wolves were hanged for killing rabbits; if this be so, *a fortiori*, would they be hanged for "human slaughter," which is Gratiano's specific crime.

I have just called Jacob "faithful"; I varied the adjective from "honest," which I used a few lines above. Can I call him *honest* when, on p. 54 *recto*, in his summary of the game in England, he says,

*For our knowledge of this portion of his life, we are indebted to the truly admirable volume by W. B. Rye, "England as Seen by Foreigners," London, 1865, p. lv.

"There are no black wild-boars, nor any wolves, on this island." For a second time Rathgeb confirms Shakespeare: "There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man!"

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

Wallingford, Pa., February 22.

MORE NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope that the following excerpts from the note-book of a young student of Shakespeare may prove of interest to Dr. W. J. Rolfe and to other Shakespeare scholars who may have read his letter in your issue of February 18, p. 163. I touch upon only two of the points which he raises.

In the passage from "Twelfth Night" (iii, 1, 21):

Clown. . . . But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Violet. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can, yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

I favor the meaning "contract" for the word "bond," and would compare "Philaster," v, 3, where Dion includes in his curses the following:

May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

As for the old-time practice of hanging animals which had offended against the law, I can cite sundry passages from Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists to confirm it. In particular it would appear that sheep-stealing was a crime punishable by hanging, and that the punishment was meted out to man and beast alike. Note in "Much Ado About Nothing" (ii, 3, 79):

Benedict. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him.

and *Ibid* (iii, 3, 60):

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry. Truly; I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Compare furthermore Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of His Humour" (iii, 1):

Puntarvolo. If thou lovest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

and "Philaster" (iv, 1):

Dion. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound; turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip.

and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" (v, 4):

Perez. How like a sheepbiting rogue, taken i' the manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., February 20.

"WIT, WHITHER WILT?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to Dr. W. J. Rolfe's comment in your issue of February 18 on the phrase, "Wit, whither wilt?" ("As You Like It" iv, i, 168), I would call attention to the fact that "The Shirburn Ballads" (Clarendon Press, 1907), pp. 268f., contains a complete ballad beginning:

Wit, whither wilt thou? woe is mee!

always musinge, fye for shame!
Sorry I am the same to see,
that love hath brough[t] the out of frame—
Out of frame and temper, too;
This can Love and fancy doo!
Out of frame and temper, too;
This can love and fancy doo!

In my review of the book for the *Nation* (April 25, 1907, p. 385), I remarked on the confirmation of Malone's impression which this ballad gives.

The application of the phrase in the song whose first two lines (in slightly varying forms) Robert Greene and Thomas Adams have preserved appears to have been different from that which we find in the Shirburn ballad. To be sure, the fragment is too brief to make this certain. It is possible, however, that the phrase having become popular as the beginning of one ballad was afterwards used for others.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

University of Tennessee, Knoxville, February 20.

SCHOOLGIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in a letter in your issue of February 18, p. 163, raises a question as to Shakespeare's allusions to school-girls, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Measure for Measure." May it not be that Shakespeare did not have in mind English customs, but rather certain passages in early or classical authors whom he had read either in the original or in translation? For example, in Martial's epigrams, ix, 68, we read:

Quid tibi nobiscum est, ludi scelerate magister,
Invisum pueris virginibusque caput?

In the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, ix, occurs this passage:

Ad haec ultima pistoris illa uxor, sub-
jiciens, Quidni? inquit, novi diligenter,
Areten meam condiscipulam memoras.

The "Golden Ass" of Apuleius had been translated into English by W. Adlington as early as 1566.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., February 22.

RIGHTS AND LEFTS IN SLIPPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of February 18 Dr. W. J. Rolfe speaks of the eighteenth century editors being mystified by the reference in "King John" to the tailor,

Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

That nearsighted Dr. Johnson should say "Shakespeare seems to have confounded his shoes with his gloves" is comprehensible; but that men with ordinary vision should "suggest that ancient slippers might possibly be very different from modern ones" or "quote from writers between 1580 and 1797 to prove that shoes in former times were often rights and lefts" seems passing strange, when the marble effigies on old tombs in the cathedrals so often have such shoes. It first struck my eye in one of the northern cathedrals: I noticed that the fashion was not universal, but would vary with the towns, on tombs of the same age.

J. C. NEAVE.

Cincinnati, February 21.

THE ANCESTRY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "A. R. W.," asks, in your issue of December 24 last, what grounds I have for the "amazing" assertion that Charlemagne's descent, on the paternal side, was Latin. I am happy to oblige him.

The family of Ferreolus was a great family of Senatorial rank in Narbonnese Gaul, under the Roman Empire, and the Ferreolus of the fifth century was established at Narbonne itself. His son, Ansbert, was attached to the palace (in what capacity we are not told), and was the father of Arnoald, whose son was the St. Arnulph Bishop of Metz, contemporary of St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, and of Gregory the Great and one of the chief figures of the end of the sixth century in Gaul. The descent of the Carolingians from St. Arnulph is common knowledge—his son, Ansegisus, was the father of Pepin of Heristal, whose son, Charles Martel, was the father of Pepin the Short, and the grandfather of Charlemagne. It is all quite clear and simple. Charlemagne was the representative in the eighth century of the old Roman noble family of Ferreolus, just as Lord Salisbury was the representative in the nineteenth century of the old Tudor noble family of Cecil.

For St. Arnulph's descent let me refer "A. R. W." to "Vita Clodulfi," a Carolingian document incorporated in the acts of the Benedictine order (II. p. 1044), and published, I think, by Pertz (who comments on it), and certainly by the Bollandists, under the date of June 8. This gives us Arnoald as the father of Arnulph and Ansbert as the father of Arnoald, and is confirmed by manuscripts, Paris 5294, and manuscripts St. Germain 440. The "Vita Firmini" which "A. R. W." will find in the Bollandists under October (Vol. V., p. 640) gives us Ferreolus as the father of Ansbert and his brothers. There are, of course, many confirmatory documents, such as the three manuscripts, Carolingian genealogies of London, Munich, and Vienna, the "Vita Ferreoli" (Boll: supplement to January 4), the "Vita S. Goerici" (Boll: Sept. 19), manuscripts, Paris, 8303, the Metrical Genealogy, published by Pertz (Scriptores: II., p. 308-312), etc., etc.; all of which reinforce the filiation of the family.

I can quite understand the "amazement" of "A. R. W." In Protestant societies the long transition of the empire from a Pagan to a Catholic polity must be very bewildering, and I look back myself with some amusement to the highly imaginative theory of "Period I," which I was taught at Oxford, and at the time devoutly believed: anyhow, Charlemagne's paternal stock was civilized and not barbaric. It is a small point, but quite fixed by this time.

H. BELLOC.

Kings Land, Shipley, Horsham, England, January 17.

MEMORIAL TO "OUIDA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is desired to bring to more general notice in this country the project of the memorial to "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) in her birthplace, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England. Funds have been collected in Italy, her home for many

years, and in England, and contributions have generously flowed in, but about \$500 is still lacking to the sum required for the proposed memorial, and it is felt that opportunity should be given to those in the United States, who may be interested, to lend their aid. Surely there must be among us many who, even failing in admiration for Ouida as a writer of fiction, may still feel drawn toward her as an ever active worker in the cause of animal protection, and may care to aid in perpetuating the memory of the lover of horses and dogs in the appropriate manner proposed; namely, the erection of a drinking fountain by the roadside for the benefit of all passing beasts. It is to be placed at a much-frequented cross-roads outside the town, and near the cottage where Ouida was born. A number of prominent English men and women have been active in this project; Lord Curzon has written the inscription. Any one who may feel disposed to help the work, by ever so small a sum, may send contributions direct to the chairman of the Ouida Memorial Committee, G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, F. S. A., Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England; or, for convenience, to the undersigned, who will forward remittances to their destination.

(Miss) KATHERINE RENÉE CORTAZZO.

Meadville, Pa., February 23.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE PH.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, "The Ph.D. Again," in your issue of February 11, provokes a frank expression from one of the group you were discussing. I may say that I am a "doctor" of some fifteen years' standing of an institution at the very front of the few that you place in the first rank of the universities in this country conferring that degree. From my experience as a student, from my work as teacher since then, and from my continued observation of my comrades, I think you are justified in using such terms as "disrepute," "scandalous," "grotesquely incompetent," when you are describing the different conditions. Even more heartily do I agree with you in your condemnation of one-half of our theses as valueless. With the aid of my perspective judgment on my own, I am inclined to put the ban as high as 90 per cent.

I cannot see any hope from the modifications of the course that you mention as having been proposed. I seriously doubt whether the writing of good English can be taught, but if so, it can be done only by actual authors who have command of style. Very few such are in the educational field. They find much better compensation or more congenial employment in connection with periodicals or publishing houses. Another degree, the "non-research," would complicate the case without any compensating advantages that I can see. It would be looked on as either above or below the present "doctorate" and hence would be productive of jealousy, envy, antagonism, and with our tendency to extremes, the superior one would soon become the goal for all. One would absorb the distinguishing features of the other, and leave it as formless as the A.M. is now, the final result being a longer course. Nor, to my mind, would much good come from compulsory work in the educational

department. Generally, so far as I know, the instructors in pedagogy so-called have not served a solid probation as genuine teachers, but have stepped from the student's chair to the lecturer's stand with perhaps an intermission of two or three years only. The suggested remedies, as it appears to me, would only add to the bottom cause of all the trouble.

The fundamental fault, in my opinion, is very plain, that the universities do not shape means to ends. As you quote from the Chicago University circular, the bulk of us are teachers—in college and secondary school. We should get guidance for that career, but we do not. We cannot until a different standard is adopted for filling the university chairs. The most of the staff have all trod the same route, that of graduation as "doctor," appointment to the lower grade, thence gradual promotion. They have virtually never taught, as lecturing does not come under that category. They can direct only over the same trail they have followed, and consequently all of us are instructed with the unconscious expectation of the same destiny. So far removed is this training from the actualities of life outside, that we naturally delude ourselves into fancying that our poor dull monographs are of worth, or we blunder when we have to take charge of a classroom. As I look behind and around me at the teaching of history, my own subject, in our universities, it seems an unreal atmosphere in which are constantly exchanged such terms as "manuscripts," "documents," "sources," "primary data," "judicial attitude," "exhaustive investigation," "original material," "scientific history," "addition to knowledge," etc., as if we are to ignore human nature when we study the past. If some of us emerge from this fantastic wonderland with our heels in the air and our heads downward, are we to blame? I must confess that I had visions of extensive research into dim corners of history and the production of volumes that should "widen the realms of the known." My ambition kept me at the task, and I have written enough to get my name in several of the most dignified biographical dictionaries, but my comfortable salary, furnishing food and raiment and the means for summer trips in this country and abroad, has come from daily teaching. For this useful vocation, which is besides both remunerative and enjoyable, I got substantially no preparation from my preceptors. On the other hand, I believe I should have failed instead of succeeded if I had not had some helpful experience before going to the university. Among those who were not blessed with this balance wheel, I am never surprised to learn of reckless experimentation with immature pupils.

I cannot credit my position to my Ph.D., as the most of my colleagues never went beyond the A.B., thus saving themselves three or four years of hard work, and the attendant expense. But in spite of the loss of time and money for me, I am glad I won the degree, to prove to myself the hollowness of it in many instances if nothing more. Besides, unpractical as the environment was I got a breadth and firmness of grasp that I could have hardly obtained otherwise. A general course of reading and study would not impart the fibre and tendon that the striving for a definite goal would. If while leading me along this clear-cut

road, my instructors had been able, only incidentally, to show me the main direction and difficulties of the path I was already headed for, I could have progressed in months what it took me years to do. I would not have them give up their high ideals of research, but pay more attention to fitting their students for the life ahead, not in the rigid drill fashion of the normal school but in the comprehensive manner of a great scholar who preserves the attitude of a teacher of embryo teachers. I would not have the structure of the course changed much but I would have the character of the men in charge of it changed radically.

February 24.

H. D.

THE SITE OF MEROE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for February 18, p. 179, I find an announcement that Prof. A. H. Sayce of Oxford "has discovered the true site of the ancient city of Meroe"; further that "the ancient remains found and identified [italics mine] by Professor Sayce are about three miles from Kabushia Station, near Shendi, which is half-way between Khartum and Atbara"; and finally, that "the identification [italics mine] was made possible by the discovery of the great wall of inner defences, and the remains of the temple of Amon mentioned by Strabo, etc."

In the autumn of 1906 the University of Chicago Egyptian Expedition made a complete and exhaustive epigraphic survey of the monuments surviving at the place now reported to have been "discovered" and "identified" by Professor Sayce. In my report on that work ("The Monuments of Sudanese Nubia," Chicago, 1908, pp. 5-14) at Meroe, the identification of the place as Meroe is accepted as an established fact long known. The energetic Frenchman Cailliaud, who visited the city on his Nile voyage (1819-1822), at once recognized it as Meroe (see his "Voyage à Méroé," texte, II, pp. 146 ff.), and has left us a plan showing three temples (ibid, planches, II, 150), one of which is, of course, that seen by Professor Sayce, unless his be a fourth temple, discovered during our work there and mentioned in my report (p. 5). In 1844, Lepsius spent some time at the place, always recognizing it as Meroe (see his "Briefe aus Aegypten, Aethiopien und der Sinai-Halbinsel"); and its identity has never been questioned. Your correspondent is entirely in error, in stating that the ancient site of the city "had hitherto been placed near the temples of Naga, about twenty-five miles inland from the Nile."

It must be supposed that in transmitting the account to or from London, some newspaper correspondent has misunderstood Professor Sayce's report of his visit at Meroe.

JAMES HENRY BREASTED.

University of Chicago, February 20.

[Our correspondent informs us that the note was based on a Reuter dispatch.—ED. NATION.]

THE BASIS OF FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I say a few words upon the subject of your article of January 28 entitled "No Refuge but in Truth"? Possibly

a somewhat different statement of the theological problem will help to illustrate the position of at least some of those whom you say you "urge as our spiritual guides to face the truth boldly," and who have at least tried to think out to an issue the deep problems of life.

To such there is no more question about the Bible. The dogma of canonicity, as an *a priori* assumption, is gone forever. Whatever conclusion we may come to as to the position of the Bible in the world's literature, it will be reached as the result of induction and accepted as a corollary of our faith. But to the inquirer the books of the Old and New Testaments stand absolutely on a par with any other historic document, to be used under the canons of historic research in the judgment of the events which they narrate, more particularly those told in the Gospels. Even Bishop Lightfoot, when he published his monumental work on the Apostolic Fathers, tacitly recognized that for the student of Christianity the line of the canon had banished.

What principles do we then contend for? I assume, we contend for two truths, absolutely necessary to life: the belief in a loving God, and the belief in immortality. It will help to clarify the situation if we realize that these are the essential truths for which religion stands; that without these "the Christian ideal of character" will not only be "seriously challenged," but will be lost to mankind. This is, of course, denied by some, and here is our first crux.

Thomas Huxley was one of those who repudiated this dependence of morality upon religion. Just after he had lost his child, he wrote to Charles Kingsley that when at the funeral the officiating clergyman read the sentence, "What advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die," he could have laughed out. It seemed to him preposterous that the dignity of man's life should rest upon his immortality. Eighteen centuries separate St. Paul from Huxley. The former would to-day be classed as ignorant, he knew nothing of science; Huxley stood at the summit of modern intellectual and scientific culture. Yet, not all our admiration for the achievements of modern science can efface the conviction that the apostle saw deeper into the realities of life than the modern scientist. We may safely leave our case for the dependence of morality upon religious belief where St. Paul left it. Were it possible that the belief in God and in a future life should utterly die out among men, what would result? Morality would gradually lose its power. Its place would be taken by cunning, craft, subtlety as guiding principles of life, those qualities which give the reins to selfishness, but in a manner preserve appearances. And the end—who can tell what stage above the truths society would find its new equilibrium?

The belief in a good God and in a future life are not distinctively Christian articles of faith. What, then, does Christianity claim as its own? As I have said, it is a question of certain events alleged to have occurred. These events constitute a revelation. Christianity is a revealed religion, if it is anything. Its revelation is not a book or code of laws, but a Person. In behalf of this Person an extraordinary

claim is made; He made it Himself. This claim presents itself to our reason for its justification. Into the question enter various elements, among which, I make bold to say, miracle has both a legitimate and necessary place. The question, however, is a very personal one, as it touches the most delicate springs of character. We stand here upon sacred ground, and it is unnecessary in this place to pursue the inquiry further. It is rather the bearing of revealed religion upon the truths of a loving God and immortality that we wish here to keep in mind. The philosopher may reason himself into a belief in God and immortality, but to most of us weak mortals the longing for faith, the desire to believe in the reality of the soul's aspirations, which Nature so often seems to mock at, finds its satisfaction only from One who spoke with authority. Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra expresses the difference in his matchless way:

So the all-great were the all-loving, too.

I am writing under the shadow of perhaps the greatest calamity the world has ever known. A nurse who took care of the injured in Naples tells me that a man who was brought to them wounded, all of whose relations had been killed, refused to receive comfort. They might save their pains, he told them; as soon as he got out of the hospital he would blow his brains out. Life was too terrible; to believe in a loving God, when such things happened, was impossible. Have not many felt the distressing question calling for an answer? And have not many also thankfully turned from the dark mystery to One who trod this earth in bygone years, who spake as never man spake, the doctrine of whose Divinity fashions itself into two words, full of comfort: He knew.

What animates us, then, is the same ideal that has animated prophets and seers since the world began. The struggle for Christianity is the struggle for the spirituality of life against the allied forces of materialism and superstition. That in this struggle the principle "No refuge but in truth" should prevail will seem to most of us a truism hardly worth wasting many words over.

L. HENRY SCHWAB.

Rome, February 11.

TRAINING FOR CONSULAR SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the suggestion of the Industrial Club of Chicago, Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has introduced a bill to provide for a college, under government auspices, for the education of future consuls. Provision is made for a course of four years, in modern languages, political economy, law, geography, and other branches suitable for aspirants to the service, who are to be nominated by Congressmen as are cadets at the military and naval colleges. It is said that such a measure meets with the approval of Mr. Root. I suggest a scheme which will accomplish the same result, and at infinitely less expense, by simply giving direction to the use of means already in existence. In this country we waste far too much money in the cause of education upon brick and mortar and in the

duplication of intellectual effort. It would be an easy matter to make it the duty of an officer of the Department of State to study the lists of courses offered by our colleges and universities, to select in the offering of each institution such courses as would afford a proper training for the consular service, and to advise students of such courses. A bulletin could be issued describing the work offered in various colleges, and the officer I suggest could make periodical visits to seats of learning and give lectures to students, who are always keen to learn of possible occupations; the colleges would readily welcome such public lectures and invite the lecturer to speak before courses which give training suited to the service. His advice might profitably be printed in the catalogue or the announcement of courses, and be spread by freshman advisers. He could keep his eye on promising students, who at graduation might be offered situations or invited to take examinations looking to the consular service.

Such an officer should be a man of great intelligence, knowledge, and *savoir faire*, but he could accomplish by his coöperation with the universities a large service to the government and the business interests of the country, and this at a trifling expense. His work might take a far wider scope than the consular service, so that, as in England, many of the picked men of the universities might be called to government occupations. He could select for the consular service, at any rate, a body of picked youth far superior to that to be gathered in a college where the candidates were selected by the random methods likely to be employed by Congressmen, who would naturally look on the choice as a bit of welcome or unwelcome patronage. The men he would choose would be proved successes among all our academic youth; their education would cost the government nothing, whereas the students in a national college would probably get their training at the expense of the state, and this cost would be for both the successful and unsuccessful.

Such a preparation as will make useful consular officers is already offered by some of our universities, and could readily be arranged for by others. Harvard, for instance, could easily make training for the service a branch of her new School of Business Administration.

There is no need of special legislation to provide for such an office. Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes of the United States and executive orders of President Roosevelt make ample provision. After once the work of proper coördination and coöperation had been settled the office might run itself.

W. F. HARRIS.

Harvard University, February 19.

AMERICAN FREE TRADE LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every day some one dolefully asks why it is that at hearings upon tariff revision many speak in support of protection; scarcely any one in opposition. The question is not hard to answer. Although those who desire high protective duties are the few, yet the interest of each is direct; although those who are opposed are the many, yet the interest of each is indirect, if not less real. But in the aggregate the

benefits to be gained from free trade far outweigh the benefits that come from protection. In order that these aggregate interests may be represented, organized action is essential. It is only through organization that the special interests of the few can ever be made to give way to the larger interests of the many; and against organized action they must give way.

The American Free Trade League is making an earnest effort to fill the need of such an organization. Will you assist, by the publication of this letter, in calling to the attention of as many of your readers as believe in the principles of free trade the fact that the league exists; and in urging them by becoming members to increase its strength, to the end that future tariff hearings may not be *ex parte*, and that statistics cited and arguments presented may not be sent broadcast over the United States without a question raised as to their accuracy and worth?

CHARLES F. LOVEJOY.

Acting Secretary, American Free Trade League.

No. 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., February 18.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following quotation from your editorial article of February 18, "The Negro Problem in Foreign Eyes," in the opinion of some of your readers does injustice to Lincoln, whose views on most subjects were much more sane than those of his followers:

For Lincoln to see those same poor black creatures who swarmed about him when he reached Richmond after its fall, whose pathetic, hysterical joy over their savior from slavery he curbed with such wise and kindly advice—to see these fellow-citizens now set apart in trains, street cars, and all public places, by an iron caste, would appall the greatest apostle of democracy.

In his opening speech at the fourth joint debate, Charleston, Ill., in 1858, Lincoln says:

I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races—that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.

After reading this clearly expressed opinion—which one feels sure is shared by the great majority of us in all parts of the country—one doubts greatly if Lincoln would be "appalled" by the sights so feelingly described in your editorial.

The extreme ante-bellum views of a few Southerners, and the negro worship which has attached to the *Nation* the nickname of the "color blind" journal, are equally obnoxious to the settlement of the momentous race problem which faces this country.

L. M. PASSANO.

Boston, February 23.

Notes.

Lawrence Lewis has made a study of the advertising announcements in the original *Spectator*, which was one of the earliest magazines to carry them, and has written a book on the subject, which will be published this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title of "The Advertisements of the *Spectator*; being a study of the Literature, History, and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are reflected therein, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising, with an Appendix of representative Advertisements now for the first time reprinted." Prof. George L. Kittredge furnishes an introduction.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a volume of essays by Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, under the title of "Characters and Events of Roman History." They are the lectures recently given by Professor Ferrero at the Lowell Institute and elsewhere. From the same publishers are to come at an early date "The Negro Problem—Abraham Lincoln's Solution," by W. P. Pickett; "What Have the Greeks Done for Civilization," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, and the "Memoirs of Baron Frénilly.

Kipling's new book, "With the Night Mail," to be published soon by Doubleday, Page & Co., has for sub-title, "A story of 2000 A. D., together with extracts from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared." The main story tells of the aerial trip in postal packet, "162" from London to Quebec in one night. The accessories are advertisements of airships, rules of the air, and other such matter from a contemporary magazine.

Two interesting volumes of memoirs are promised by John Lane Co.: "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole," edited by A. F. Steuart, and "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon," by Constance Hill, who has written so entertainingly of Fanny Burney's circle.

Walter G. Travis is revising his book on "Practical Golf," and Harper & Bros. promise the new edition in time for the spring revival of the game.

A sixth series of "Shelburne Essays," by Paul E. More, comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. In this volume there is a departure from the earlier issues, in so far as the essays, as shown by the sub-title, "Studies of Religious Dualism," are connected in theme, and in fact form the links of a single argument. The subjects are: The Forest Philosophy of India, The Bhagavad Gita, St. Augustine, Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Rousseau, Socrates, The Apology, Plato.

A "Vest-Pocket Guide to Paris," compiled by Leonard Williams, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. This little volume, only 3½ inches by 2¾, can be carried about without inconvenience and consulted without conspicuousness. The map is in sections arranged on successive pages. The ordinary sightseer will in this small compass find all that he needs.

In "Some Southern Questions" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), William Alexander MacCorkle, late Governor of West Virginia, has brought together six public addresses on the race question, the elective franchise, Southern industrial development, and the attitude

of Southern thought to the conditions and tendencies of the times. The chief impression made by the book is that whenever Gov. MacCorkle speaks he gives his audience a display of the pyrotechnic oratory for which the South was once famous. It suggests the sparkling gush of a Roman candle, bombs of rhetoric popping forth in quick succession amid a haze of glowing diction. Nearly every page presents an example. We are asked to contemplate "a broken and impaired Constitution, which has unloosed from its Pandora's box the foul vultures of coming woe, which are always ready to flap their wings above the dying body of a free people." Nevertheless, the South is all right:

The will-o'-the-wisp and the glow-worm light our flag at night under the palms of Florida, and by day its folds are touched by the sweet airs laden with the incense of the orange and magnolia.

Still, there may be trouble ahead. "Along the shores of the Pacific will boil with fervid heat the great caldron of the world's selfishness and greed." Therefore, it behooves us to be careful.

In this solemn hour, when you are booted and spurred and ready to face this crisis in your country's life and this epoch in the world's history, I implore you to cherish in your inmost heart the true ideals of the republic.

Fortunately, we are well equipped for any ordeal, for "here are the most exalted civilization, the purest Christianity, the most advanced science, the most absolute civil freedom which the world ever saw." Indeed, it is well for the world that this should be so, for "under the earth-hunger of to-day justice among the nations can only relume her torch from the shrine of virtue glowing in the heart of the great Republic of the West." Incidentally it appears that Gov. MacCorkle favors "broad political liberty for the negro," while no one can "adhere to absolute social and racial separation" more earnestly than he does. He thinks a large navy desirable and he believes that "Manila can easily become, and will become, the distributing centre of the Eastern World." But he thinks the powers which the Federal government has assumed in the Interstate Commerce act are extremely dangerous. Although Gov. MacCorkle's oratorical style may belong to a past age, his political views are decidedly modern. His account of them exhibits him as a Southern imperialist of the school of Stephen B. Elkins.

"Modern Constitutions" (University of Chicago Press) is a collection of the fundamental laws of twenty-two countries, with historical and bibliographical notes, by Walter Fairleigh Dodd. The work is well done and it supplies conveniences for which students of political institutions will be grateful. In addition to the constitutions of European countries and those of the Federal governments established in the British Empire, the work includes those of Mexico and three South American countries. Japan is the only representative of the Orient, but current events indicate that it will not stand alone in future editions of this work. It is safe to say that the present century will witness a great expansion of the area of constitutional law.

A second edition has been issued of Prof. Frank M. Anderson's "Constitutions and

other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France" (Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.). The work covers the period 1789-1907, and in view of the influence which France has had upon the social and political reconstruction of Europe during the past century, it may be fairly regarded as a key to modern history. The new matter in this edition has been judiciously selected. It includes important documents relating to the recent separation of church and state in France.

"India through the Ages" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Flora Annie Steel, is a picturesque sketch of the history of the country from the earliest times to the Great Mutiny. It has this attraction that the author, long a resident in the land, is thoroughly imbued with its spirit. Evidently she is also familiar with the early literature of India. While the book is not easy reading—so much is compressed into a single small volume—it will be to many a revelation of ages and people full of interest and romance. The numerous stories of chivalrous and patriotic deeds with which the narrative is lightened bring out vividly the personality of Indian men and women of past days worthy to rank with the world's heroes. Babar, the founder of the Mogul Empire, for instance, who was poet, painter, musician, astronomer, who knew "the names and habits of every animal, bird and beast," who left to posterity an autobiography of himself, his thoughts, his acts, his failures, his successes, of high value as an historical record, and who at the same time was a great warrior when only in his teens—where can his parallel be found in classic or modern history? The chief interest of the history lies naturally in the first two of the three parts into which the work is divided, the ancient and middle ages; the account of the third or modern age is disappointing. It is little else than a statement of facts in which emphasis is laid more upon the mistakes of the English governors-general than upon the good they accomplished. But it affords abundant evidence that the British rule brought peace to a land which had been for centuries desolated by wars and massacres. Help in tracing the course of the events narrated is to be found in the seven maps of the country at different periods from 231 B. C. to the present time.

"Daybreak in Turkey" (Boston: The Pilgrim Press), by James L. Barton, D.D., is an eminently timely and readable statement of the various causes which have brought about the present conditions in the Ottoman Empire. There is a personal touch throughout which adds much to its interest; for the writer has been engaged in missionary work in Turkey, and for the last fourteen years as foreign secretary of the American Board has been in constant communication with intelligent men, natives and foreigners, living in nearly every part of the land. He begins with a brief description of the country, its government, the different races which inhabit it, and their relations to each other. Then follows an account of the work of the American missionaries, the first of whom, Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, landed in Smyrna in 1820. They were instructed to keep ever in mind "the two grand inquiries": "What good can be done?" and "By what means?" And the story shows how intelligently and success-

fully these inquiries have been answered by these men and their successors. To those who think that the work of the foreign missionary is simply to found an American Protestant church among people utterly unfitted for such an institution, it will come as a revelation to learn that almost from the very beginning the single aim of the men and women sent out by this society has been the moral and intellectual uplift of Turk, Kurd, and Armenian, mainly by educational means. The concluding chapters are upon the diplomatic relations of Turkey with other countries, the standing of missionaries, American rights, general political conditions, and some of the noteworthy incidents connected with the granting of the constitution. While we recognize the necessity of giving scant treatment to many subjects in a volume of less than 300 pages, we are surprised that some of the most important features of the Macedonian question should be ignored and that apparently there is no mention of Servia and the Pan-Slavic movement. In the account of the Sultan there is no reference to the fact that a little band of servitors in the palace exercise an influence over Abdul Hamid greater than that of his ministers. Ten illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, but its value would have been increased by a map giving the different missionary stations and principal educational institutions as well as the political divisions.

"A Short History of Scotland," by P. Hume Brown (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd), is a convenient and readable summary of Professor Brown's larger work in three volumes. This abridgment is obviously intended for younger students—preeminently a narrative account told in the clearest and simplest language, copiously illustrated, and attractively put together. Like everything else that has proceeded from the pen of the Historiographer Royal of Scotland, it is a model of accuracy and sanity. Some readers may take exception to it on the score of proportion, grudge the space devoted to mediæval battles, and to the multitude of familiar though unsubstantiated stories and legends in which Scottish history abounds, and wish instead for a fuller account of the development of national institutions. Others, turning to smaller points, may wonder why the three or four pages allotted to Flodden Field omit all reference to the movement which really made the battle decisive, the bold march of Surrey to the North on the eve of the fight, which put the English army between the Scots and their homes. But for our own part, we are not disposed to question the author's judgment in matters of this sort. He not only knows his Scottish history, but also the needs and aspirations of its younger students far better than most of his critics; and we cannot forbear to add a personal expression of opinion that the tendency to return to the "drum and trumpet" style of history, at least in the schools, which characterizes this and other very recent works, is unquestionably good, in view of the excesses of the modern craze for the study of constitutional questions and "sources." Prof. Hume Brown's book will probably not find many readers in this country, as those who are interested in Scottish history at all are qualified to study it in works of

a more advanced character, but we do not hesitate to predict for this admirable manual a long and successful life in Great Britain.

Neo-scholasticism, after fifteen years of rapid progress on the Continent, has at last gathered power enough in England to get its "Principles of Logic" written there by George Hayward Joyce, S. J. (Longmans, Green, & Co.). A generation which has forgotten Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas will thumb with dumb wonder this book, which is the thirteenth century speaking, with its own grammar, the words of the twentieth. It accepts as its starting point the scholastic philosophy and its ecclesiastical factors, God, the world, and the human soul; and, while presenting the traditional logic of this *Weltanschauung*, it gives a running criticism of its enemies from Descartes to the Oxford humanists of this day hour. Of the two parts of the work, the first lies beyond praise and censure, being a slightly modernized, dogmatic restatement of the orthodox "Logic of Thought." The second part, however, has certain attractions for the student of logic, and perhaps also for the critic of human nature. Here is no longer simple scholasticism, but neo-scholasticism, the tardy scion of Doctor Angelicus wrestling with science of the revolt, striving to make its every utterance pendent to Roman metaphysics, and yet hoping to keep in running order its engines of research. The Applied Logic that comes of this cannot be briefly described; but it may be imagined from two fundamental positions which the neo-scholastic takes. Touching the open-mindedness which the investigator must preserve, Father Joyce puts some religious and scientific beliefs beyond liability of correction. "When once absolute certainty has been attained," he says, "then the supposition of contradictory evidence becomes an absurdity." It would be cruel to ask Father Joyce how he discovers anything to be absolutely certain; for to that he could make but one answer, without an appeal to faith, and that answer is: "By proving all supposedly contradictory evidence absurd." Unfortunately, the writer does not cite a single scientific fact confirming his view. Then there is the second thesis, that no rules can be laid down for the search after truth, all so-called rules being mere common-sense. The early Cartesians reproached the scholastics for dismissing experimental method thus curtly; but Father Joyce has not changed or improved upon his Thomist predecessors' lame defence, which was that, in an infinitely complex universe, nobody can reckon with all contingencies by formula. Writing for beginners, Father Joyce is clear, simple, and lavish with illustrations. The student prejudiced against mediæval Latin cannot do better than turn to this book for an exposition of the subtlest, most closely knit, most treacherous of Occidental philosophies. And, if he will keep an eye open for sophistries, he will learn much about the art of clear thinking that is not to be picked up in the schools of the renaissance.

The usual "helps" of teachers' Bibles contain a good deal of obsolete material, and, owing to the numerous subdivisions, information is often hard to find by those most in need of it. It was a happy thought of the Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut to combine in his "Handy Bible Encyclopedia"

(Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company), under one alphabetical arrangement, both concordance and subject dictionary, biographical and geographical material, a dictionary of Biblical antiquities and customs, descriptions of the books of the Bible, and translations and versions. The result is a convenient reference volume, compact in compass, in which the general reader may find readily the location of an important verse, the various passages on a particular subject, or definition and description of an obscure phrase or topic. The work is designed for popular use, but will be found convenient by almost any Biblical student.

"The Illustrated Bible Dictionary," edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a cumbersome and heavy volume of nearly a thousand pages, covering the usual ground of dictionaries of the Bible, and treating a large number of titles briefly, with many illustrations. The space allotted to important subjects is altogether too meagre. The point of view is decidedly conservative, and scant courtesy is allowed to critical opinions now generally received.

The thirty-first issue of the standard annual reference book of Kürschner has been brought out by Dr. Heinrich Klenz, under the title "Kürschners deutscher Literatur-Kalender auf das Jahr 1909." It contains eight portraits of leading writers, and in its two thousand columns prints a wealth of the latest data concerning authors and their works. It brings down all the details to the first of last October.

The complete works of Wilhelm von Polenz, who at the time of his death was one of the most attractive literary figures in the ranks of Young Germany, and who gave evidence of his mature judgment in his last work, the remarkable volume on America, "Das Land der Zukunft," are being published in eight volumes by F. Fontane & Co., Berlin, with a preface by Prof. Adolf Bartels.

A selection from the letters of Schiller's wife, edited by Ludwig Geiger, is being published under the title "Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Beginners in the Russian language and literature will be helped by the new addition to the series known as Sammlung Götschen, under the special title, "Russische Literatur: Auswahl moderner Prosa und Poesie mit ausführlichen Anmerkungen und Akzentbezeichnung," by Dr. Erich Boehme. The selections are mostly short extracts from Gorky and other modern writers. Included are two manifestoes of the Czar. The explanatory notes, in many cases including literal translations, are very copious.

The third volume of the "Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels," written, like the second, by Dr. J. Goldfriedrich, tells the story of the book trade during the classical period of German literature, the period of reprinting (1766-1804). The period is personified by Philipp Erasmus Reich, the reorganizer of the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung in Leipzig, and the Vienna printer, Johann Thomas von Trattner. Other men of the period are Immanuel Breitkopf, the printer and type-founder, inventor of modern music printing, Friedrich Nicolai in Berlin, J. G. Cotta in Stuttgart, Goethe's and Schiller's publisher, and others

whose names still live in the firms founded by them. The rejuvenation of the German literature, the growing reading habit, and the technical development of printing go hand in hand; literary almanacks and popular calendars abound; we see the beginnings of the cheap popular literature; the first encyclopædias are published, circulating libraries come in vogue as adjuncts to the bookstores.

In a well-condensed and entertaining work (Berlin: Karl Curtius), Joh. Fr. Wilhelm writes flatteringly of "Amerikanisches Geschäftsleben," discussing the American workman's world, the preparation of the American business man, American managers, their office and factory organization, methods of sale and business monopolies, the superiority claimed for American machinery, and the relation of trusts to socialism. To the author, "business" is the paramount idea with the majority of Americans, and Americans succeed in business partly because of their greater mobility and the extent to which they move freely from one end of the country to the other, and partly because their methods, for the most part, are superior. No other country, in its public day and evening schools, and its private "business colleges," offers such opportunities for youth to start in business in a practical way, and no other country accomplishes as much through almost perfect systems for dividing labor and economizing time and energy in both office and workshop.

While the Germans are felicitating themselves over the lucky agreement reached between Germany and France, the French continue their fun at the expense of Emperor William. "Le César Allemand devant les siens et devant ses alliés" is the title of an illustrated volume, just issued at Paris, containing a hundred cartoons, with French text, reproduced from German, Austrian, and Italian papers.

Under the title "H. Taine: Pages Choies," Prof. Victor Giroud of Freiburg in Switzerland, the author of an "Essai sur Taine," which was crowned by the French Academy, is publishing a selection from the writings of Taine. The first part contains principally letters; the second, early writings from 1853-1864. The whole is to be completed in five volumes.

Among French books which treat of current literature, we may note a posthumous volume of Albert Sorel, "Notes et portraits" (Paris: Plon). It contains a lucid study of Maurice Barrès, among other contemporaries; the sober, judicious thought of the author may here be found without fatigue, in a way to inspire confidence in his long historical works, since he so well understood those younger than himself. Jules Bertaut publishes a sort of university extension course on another interesting side of contemporary literature, "La Littérature féminine d'aujourd'hui" (Annales politiques et littéraires). Alphonse Séché edits yet another anthology, "Les Musées françaises" (Paris: Louis-Michaud), entirely devoted to French women poets of this twentieth century—about a score of names, of whom the best known are Mesdames Daudet, Delarue-Mardrus, Lucie Félix-Faure-Goyau, Rosemonde Gérard (Rostand), F. Gregh, Gérard d'Houville (Henri de Regnier), Daniel Lesueur, Ca-

tulle-Mendès, (Comtesse) Mathieu de Noailles, H. Vacaresco, René Vivien. Those who find pleasure in literature in the making will like the rather expensive two volumes (15 francs, Blazot), "Lettres de J. Barbey d'Aurevilly à Trébutien"; this predestined correspondent of geniuses is the Trébutien of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin.

At the instance of the Commissioner of Education, President Hadley of Yale has investigated the facilities for advanced study and research in the offices of the Federal Government at Washington. His findings, just published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, clear much of the ground around the proposed national university. It is clear that, were all of Washington's twenty-six Federal libraries, together with all her museums and laboratories, put down on a campus and turned over to a faculty and students, there would be a fair equipment for such an institution. Advanced students have long been received in various bureaus and given every opportunity that does not infringe upon official work. But the undertakings of the Government must first be considered; and, whereas in 1901 there were accommodations for not more than 272 students, to-day less than 100 can be favored. The enormous increase of department activities under President Roosevelt has crowded the bureaus so that there is no bench, desk, or chair left for the learner. The bureaus cannot be transformed into colleges, unless Congress doubles their floor-space and equipment. Even if room were provided, two much more serious difficulties remain. President Hadley points out that the presence of students generally reduces the administrative efficiency of a bureau:

The labor of student assistants is, as a rule, neither very efficient nor very easy to handle. An untrained man employed at \$500 rarely does half as much work for his chief as the trained man at \$1,000. The work of supervising two \$500 men takes a great deal more of the time and strength of the higher official than the work of supervising a single \$1,000 man.

Moreover, only the most advanced investigators can work more profitably in a bureau than in an ordinary graduate school:

Certain bureaus are first-rate training places for some men. The student who has chosen his line of life, and has had his preliminary theoretical training, can often spend his last year of study with great advantage in immediate connection with the chiefs under whom he is going to serve; and if his promotion depends upon his success in doing the work they want, it will furnish a stimulus to him and a help to them. But where these conditions are absent—where the man's promotion does not depend upon the chief under whom he is studying, where his studies are not being turned to a particular form of government service, or where he is deficient in the necessary theoretical training—the case is reversed. By all means let the government offices accommodate as many special students as their facilities and appropriations will admit; but let these students get their theoretical training elsewhere if we wish to secure the maximum efficiency and economy from the educational standpoint, as well as from the administrative one.

In brief, the trend of modern education and government is away from a national university which shall make classrooms of the offices where the nation's business is conducted. Though the United States Forest Service, for example, welcomed the neophyte for seven years, it found neither

our trees nor the neophyte benefited by the arrangement.

The announcement in the press dispatches that Representative Samuel W. McCall had accepted the presidency of Dartmouth has proved incorrect. In a letter published February 25 he declines the honor, and says, among other things:

The work which I am trying to do was not entered upon by accident, and if I have not pursued it with success it at least is not because my vows were lightly taken. And since I did not lightly take it up I cannot, in what I believe to be a very grave crisis, drop it easily and shift to something else. I may be accomplishing little of value, but I happen to be on the battle line and I should indeed be a sorry soldier nicely to weigh causes and to decide at this moment to step out of the ranks.

This is not the place for political discourse, but perhaps I should say to you that the crisis I referred to is in my opinion full of peril to our institutions, and how soon the movement is to begin toward sanity and safety I do not know. I am far less concerned by particular theories than by general methods of government—methods which have been carrying us swiftly toward a condition under which limitation upon governmental power would be done away with and favoritism and caprice of an autocrat would take the place of constitutional restraint. And some chance barbarian as an autocrat might overturn our temples and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair.

At the annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, to be held March 20, the Committee on Aids in Teaching will report on "A Class-Room Weekly Paper" (W. S. Hinchman, Groton School), "The Use of Specimens in the Class-Room" (F. W. C. Hersey, Harvard), and "Debating Clubs" (W. S. Hinchman). Prof. G. P. Baker of Harvard will give an address on "The Educational Theatre."

Inswich and Woodbridge are to celebrate the centenary of Edward FitzGerald's birth on the 27th and 28th of this month. What will that quiet spirit feel beneath the drums and trappings of fame?

John Boyd Thacher, formerly a member of the New York State Senate, and Mayor of Albany, died in that city February 25, at the age of sixty-one. He was born in Ballston and was a graduate of Williams College. He was a collector of autographs, rare books, and historical manuscripts. His collection of autographs, more than 25,000 in number, is said to be one of the most valuable in this country; and he also had many fifteenth century first editions, as well as manuscripts and papers on the French Revolution. His published works include "The Continent of America: Its Discovery and Its Baptism" (1896); "Charlecote: or the Trial of William Shakespeare" (1896); "Little Speeches," "The Cabotian Discovery," "Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains" (3 vols., 1903-4); "Outlines of the French Revolution Told in Autographs" (1905).

On February 26 the Rev. Dr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, the well-known Presbyterian clergyman, died at his Brooklyn home in his eighty-eighth year. He was a graduate of Princeton College and of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and from 1860 to 1890 was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in the city where he died. He was prominent in public life, and, in 1856, helped to organize the

Republican party. As a writer, his pen was indefatigable, his contributions to the magazines and newspapers having been calculated at more than 4,000. Besides these, he published a number of books: "Stray Arrows," "Cedar Christian," "The Empty Crib," "Wayside Springs," "Right to the Point," "Thought Hives," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Pointed Papers," "Heart Life," "From the Nile to Norway," "Newly Enlisted," "The Young Preacher," "How to Be a Pastor," "Stirring the Eagle's Nest," "Christianity in the Home," "Beulah-Land," "Mountain-tops with Jesus," "Help and Good Cheer," "Recollections of a Long Life—An Autobiography" (1902), and "Our Christmastides" (1904).

George Selwyn Kimball of Bangor, a writer on life in the Maine forests, died March 1 at Waverly, Mass., aged sixty-two. He was author of "Piney Home" (1904), "Jay Gould Harmon" (1905), and "The Lackawannas on Moosehead" (1907).

The Rev. Daniel March, for many years a Congregational clergyman at Woburn, Mass., died in that city March 2, at the age of ninety-two. He was the author of a number of religious books, including: "Night Scenes in the Bible," "Walks and Homes of Jesus," and "From Dark to Dawn."

James A. Le Roy, secretary to William H. Taft in the Philippines, and later American consul at Durango, Mex., from August, 1903, to March, 1907, died February 28, in the military hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Mr. Le Roy had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Philippines, and with the present state of affairs there, and contributed many articles on these matters to the *Nation*.

From Pau comes the report of the death of the Marquis de Saint Yves, who was born in Paris in 1842. Under the name of Saint Yves d'Alveydre, he published a number of books, including: "La Mission des Juifs," "La Mission des souverains," "La Mission des ouvriers," "La France vraie," and "Le Poème de Jeanne d'Arc."

A ROMANTIC POET REVIVED.

Joseph and His Brethren: A Dramatic Poem. By Charles Wells. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by Theodore Watts-Dunton. The World's Classics. New York: Henry Frowde.

If cheapness of form and authority of sponsors can bring a book to its public, then "Joseph and His Brethren" has at last come to its own. Wells has indeed been for many years a kind of cult among a certain class of Englishmen, but in this country he has remained practically unknown. His story is peculiar. He was born in 1800. At the Edmonton school he became acquainted with Tom Keats, and through him with the poet Keats and the little circle then dreaming mighty things in London. Practical jokes were part of their poetical life, but a jest of Wells's, by which he personated an imaginary lady, "Amena," in love with Tom Keats, went too far. The discovery of the hoax

had on the consumptive lad a pitiable effect, and in his elder brother, the poet, aroused immitigable wrath—he did "not think death too bad for the villain." Then, having been "cut by Keats and his group," Wells determined to let them see that "he too could make a mark in literature." The result was a volume of "Stories after Nature," published in 1822, and characterized by Mr. Watts-Dunton as "of a fascinating remoteness not to be found . . . elsewhere, save in metrical composition." No copy of this book, we believe, is now known to exist in this country, and only three or four in England. Two years later he brought out his drama—dramatic in form, but not for the stage—of "Joseph and His Brethren," which, like his prose, fell utterly dead from the press. After this he wrote a novel, "Gaston de Blondville," which never found a publisher, and considerable verse which he destroyed in manuscript. He lived many years in France, dying in 1879.

Most of this information is given by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his really delightful "Note" prefixed to this volume, and with it an account of the place held by Wells in the creed of Rossetti and his circle:

No young poet at one time dared show his face at 16 Cheyne Walk, or at Madox Brown's great studio in Fitzroy Square, or at Westland Marston's midnight gatherings by Chalk Farm, or at Lady Duffus Hardy's At Homes, who could not utter the Shibboleth. The so-called Pre-Raphaelite poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, Philip Marston, Theo. Marzials, and Edmund Gosse himself, *had* to read "Joseph and His Brethren" in order to exist. Carefully and anxiously was the copy at the British Museum thumbed by many an aspirant to poetic fame.

Mr. Watts-Dunton tells a vivid story of a long conversation about the poem with Rossetti, then living with William Morris at Kelmscott, and his own journey forthwith to the British Museum.

Some of the mysterious potency of the hardly-accessible perhaps passed away when the book was reprinted in 1876 with revision from the author's hand. Swinburne heralded the publication with a laudatory essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, which was taken over as an introduction to the new edition, and again serves the same purpose for the volume now before us. Mr. Watts (now Watts-Dunton) called attention to the work in a signed communication to the *Athenæum* (April 8, 1876), which has been incorporated in the introductory paper on "Rossetti and Charles Wells." But copies of the second edition (1876) are to-day rare in England and can scarcely exist at all in America. The new reprint from the Oxford Press will for many readers afford the first acquaintance with a poem noteworthy for its historical associations and highly interesting in itself.

It is not, of course, necessary to accept the valuation set on Wells's work by the Rossetti group. It belongs to that succession of ambitious epic-dramas including Bailey's "Festus" and Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," which by their Elizabethan echoes aroused extravagant but short-lived enthusiasms. The Elizabethan notes are clear enough in "Joseph," but, in our judgment, both of its present sponsors have missed the point in emphasizing its Shakespearean quality. "This passage," says Swinburne, "at least has the absolute ring of Shakespeare; 'pure fire indeed':"

Attendant. Then, madam, you would say That there is nothing in the world but love.

Phraxanor. Not quite; but I would say the fiery sun
Doth not o'ershine the galaxy so far;
Nor doth a torch within a jewell'd mine
Amaze the eye beyond this diamond here
More than the ruddy offices of love
Do glow before the common steps of life.

And again, quoting the dismissal of Joseph by Potiphar's wife after her futile attempt at seduction, he thinks "the quiet, heavy malice of this is as worthy of Shakespeare as the elaborate and faultless music of the passage on love which precedes it:

Phraxanor. I have a mind
You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave."

Not Shakespeare, but the later Elizabethans, or Jacobean, inspired that note. One feels here something close and sultry in the atmosphere; that second passage particularly has the very gait and mark of Ford; and, indeed, the passion throughout is Ford's, although it may lack the illicit sting that the author of "Tis Pity" so willingly employed. If it should be rejoined that Ford is essentially a dramatist of the chamber and closed doors, whereas Wells, as Mr. Watts-Dunton asserts, is one of the true Vagabonds, we can only submit that this critic's predilection for the gypsy world has led him to find far more of this spirit in Wells than is visible to us, and that still Wells's country is not that of Shakespeare, but, let us say, of Beaumont and Fletcher. Swinburne finds another instance of Shakespearean reserve in Phraxanor's first intimation to her husband of Joseph's imputed crime:

Phraxanor. Will you praise him, my honor'd lord?

Potiphar. Why so?

Phraxanor. Because he never must be prais'd again.

He comes nearer the mark when he adds that "touches like these occur in Webster." There is in Phraxanor's words something oppressive, something that hints of cruelty and gloating over pain, with an indirection suggestive of brooding madness; they might be found in Webster, but again they are rather

the speech of Ford. A hundred epithets and brief passages remind us continually that we are in the same world from which Keats drew so much of his inspiration, not because he, and Wells, chose deliberately the successors of Shakespeare for their model, but because the attempt to imitate Shakespeare almost invariably strikes thus to one side of the mark. One feels this in Wells's

And fearful soundings in this dragon world,
To find them easy footings to their graves;
or,

And the great city like a vision sails
From out the closing doors of the hush'd mind;

or,

In this immensity
Upon the drouthy sands doth silence dwell—
And wandering winds are lost in loneliness.

The whole scene between Joseph and Phraxanor and then between Phraxanor and Potiphar is a marvellous replica of late Elizabethan work, and the earlier and later events of Joseph's life, developed legitimately from the Bible story, are curiously successful in avoiding the tedium that might be expected in such work. At times the visionary poet and the dramatist come together, producing a passage at once splendid and human, as in this speech of Joseph to his father on the envy of his brothers, which may stand as a fair specimen of Wells at his best:

They act as if the world,
And all the nations' wide, and cities wall'd,
Were no such things: as if this spot of ours,
Our fields, our cattle, were the all in being.—
Would they be envious, let them then be great,
Envy old cities, ancient neighborhoods,
Great men of trust, and iron-crown'd kings:
For household envy is a household rat;
Envy of state a devil of some fear.
For me—this Bethel limits not my sight;
For in imagination I can see
Countries beyond, nurs'd by the wit of man,
Wiser in harvest, greater in defence,
With state and pomp and majesty serene:
E'en in my sleep my mind doth eat strange food,
Enough to strengthen one against this hate.
With you, my brethren, I was binding sheaves.

When mine arose and stood in front of yours,

And yours bent grievous low unto the ground:

Nay, more (yet think me not irreverent),
The sun, and moon, and the eleven stars
Sank, and obey'd me; which is sure a sign
That I am greater than my sire and ye,
However passive in humility;
Be it in love, or act, I leave to time.
Or Heaven of purpose put this in my view,
Or else my mind being troubled of the grief
Of your displeasures, vain of some great power,

Might fancy this in sleep. I do not know;

But feel resolv'd no more to plague my heart,
While you, my brothers, treat me with such scorn.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Phillips's excursions into polite society are always edifying. He has so obviously and complacently the air of the bull in the china shop that there is no gainsaying him his fun. Joshua Craig is a hero after his own heart. Joshua has a loudly and incessantly voiced contempt for fashion, and an instinctive appetite for it. Otherwise, he is an altogether impossible person in most senses. It is one thing to be a bold, rough man from the West, and another to have no sense of decency. Joshua is a boor as well as a bear. He literally, as well as metaphorically, puts his feet on the table of civilization. He is a composite of all the brutal young Lochinvars who have recently come out of the West to reform society as it effete exists on the Atlantic seaboard. The gilded halls into which he is introduced resound with his braggart insolence. In real life, such a person would be expelled without ceremony; but Joshua bears a charmed social life, and his outrageousness seems to strike the good-natured, open-hearted "society people" of Washington as rather quaint and engaging than otherwise. He is also fortunate in love, for, having selected for his mate a girl of the most exquisite beauty and breeding, he proceeds to give her the handling of a Sal or a Sue, with perfect impunity. Joshua is as free of manner in my lady's chamber as in the marble palaces of the great, as relentlessly absorbed in his own affairs, as indifferent to the comfort of others. But the lady (who has, to be sure, reached a certain age and is anxious to marry) seems attracted rather than repelled by the hideous spectacle. He is not only ungentlemanly—he is grossly insulting, wantonly insulting, on every possible occasion before their marriage. Finally, she does half-heartedly run away from him, whereupon he follows her and sees to it that they are married offhand. We are given to understand that this serves her right, and in a sense it does, for she has little real refinement or sensitiveness of nature. She has the superficial and chiefly physical fastidiousness of the fine lady who is bathed by her maid in three waters every morning, and spends some two hours over the rest of her toilet. But she is inherently common, naturally built to be the Maggie of whatever insistent Josh might come along. Mr. Phillips evidently does not mean to give this impression of her; he tries to rep-

resent her as a person of unusual sensibility and of very strong will. Above all, perhaps, he is anxious to show that an aristocrat is human for all that. And certainly if we are willing to accept the other allegations with regard to Joshua, there is no reason for sticking at his amazing marriage.

We find him assistant to the Attorney-General, with that functionary (as well as the President) under his thumb. Both of these powers wish to get rid of him, because he is obstructing their comfortable relations with certain great corporate interests which, for political reasons, they are pretending to oppose. But Joshua will not be got rid of, and by way of compromise the Postmaster-General presently resigns, and Joshua becomes his successor—or rather, is given the appointment; for, in the eleventh hour, he decides not to take it, but to go back to Minnesota and run for Governor. He has also an offer outstanding to become a corporation lawyer at a huge salary. Indeed, the closing chapters of the story do much to atone for what has gone before. Craig displays a genuine magnanimity in really important matters, and his wife shows herself unexpectedly capable of responding in kind. Their feeling for each other is seen to deserve the name of love, and they set out for Wayne, Minnesota, with a reasonable hope of happiness in ways that count. It is a pretty problem, and if Mr. Phillips had put it less crudely and splashily, his audience would, no doubt, be more likely to dismiss it as a very old one.

Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. By Ellen Thorpecroft Fowler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Those who found this author's stories of Isabel Carnaby oppressively brilliant will have no cause for complaint on that score concerning her latest work. In these pages the moralizing spirit is almost as obvious as in the good old days of the "Wide, Wide World" and "Sandford and Merton," when no subtle coating was thought necessary for the pill of precept. The long arm of coincidence is as visible here as the hand of an operator of marionettes. Charlotte Fallowfield, beautiful, ambitious, and poor, prays for wealth. Her lover immediately inherits a fortune of a million pounds, and survives only long enough to leave the entire sum to her. She lives on alone with her orphaned niece Dagmar, against a village background of irrelevant, garrulous, and intensely wearisome supernumeraries, until the arrival of a new rector with his son Claude. After a brief courtship, enlivened by the author's pregnant asides on the evils of jealousy, Miss Fallowfield and the rector are married, and set sail on their wedding-trip. Without revealing

the rest of the plot, with its elaborately arranged suspense, we may say that the story, as a whole, lacks impressiveness and challenges unfavorable comparison with Besant's handling of a somewhat similar theme in "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice."

Three Girls and a Hermit. By Dorothea Conyers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The trio of unsophisticated maidens who sally forth from wild seclusion to seek their fortune in the world, seems much the mode at present in the United Kingdom. Miss Macnaughtan has shown us in "The Three Miss Graemes" Scotland's meeting of the exigent situation, and we are now given a chance to compare their conduct with that of their Irish sisters. The three Miss Considines are by no means such patterns of propriety as blossom among the heather. One would compare them rather to the gorse—brilliant, thorny, and hard to train. But after much indiscretion and a bitterness of condemnation that exceeds their deserts, they all find the fulfilment of their hopes and of their needs—kindly and competent protectors. The book owes its charm to the pungent portrayal of Irish character, and its unexpected idioms are a source of keen delight to the reader.

The Eternal Boy. By Owen Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To any one who has heard a group of old schoolmasters revivifying one another in vacation by recalling the rascal days of their boyhood, it will not be difficult to suggest the note of these Lawrenceville stories, celebrating the ubiquitous and inextinguishable Hickey Hicks and his friends. Though most of the escapades are of a mellow antiquity—stealing the clapper of the bell, hanging the skeleton in the chapel, arranging a secret prize fight—they are vitalized by fresh touches of nature, and recited with unmistakable gusto. Two or three of them are more broadly conceived, especially "The Political Education of Mr. Baldwin," in which a local campaign suggested by a member of the faculty to instil in the boys ideas of political purity and disinterested usefulness develops with surprising rapidity every form of bribery and corrupt bargaining. This imitation of mature citizenship the author appears to relish as much as the minor deviltries. It is an indication of the hearty strenuousness which is the only moral virtue much emphasized by the book. From a pedagogical point of view the disdainful treatment of the teachers is deplorable; if the "Eternal Boy" falls into the hands of juvenile readers it will amuse without edification. To teachers, however, and other discreet adults it may be commended as an entertaining and per-

haps even instructive interpretation of the schoolboy spirit.

Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols., pp. 316; 326. New York: Duffield & Co. \$4 net.

Blaine has had rather too much than too little championship from his family and connections. Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge), his wife's cousin, and for years a member of his household, wrote one indiscriminating eulogy; Edward Stanwood, also closely related to his wife, has written a "Life" which is more discriminating, but still mainly apologetic. If one merely dips into these letters of Mrs. Blaine, and goes no further, one is likely to say at once that they might better have been left unpublished. As it happens, those which come first particularly abound in domestic detail, which looks out of place, and even a trifle ludicrous, in print. Severe editing would have spared us much of the information we get concerning the children's wardrobes. But it might also have robbed us of this, which we should regret to have lost:

Mrs. Warren Fisher has another daughter—a great disappointment to her, as they are anxious to have a son and this is the fourth daughter. I am sorry to say that Mr. Fisher seems to be fast losing in the esteem of all good men.

But as one goes on, one likes the letters better and better—and Mrs. Blaine also. True, the letters do not rise above the level of the talk and correspondence of many bright American women. The atmosphere is that of many American homes. But it is a decidedly pleasant atmosphere, and Mrs. Blaine talks out of it—usually to her children—without the least affectation or studied cleverness, and with a pleasing heartiness and common sense.

Of course, one reads chiefly for allusions to her husband and his more famous contemporaries; and these, happily, are not made as if with the slightest expectation of the public's ever seeing them. They are utterly free, and sometimes very intimate. Garfield, for instance, is frequently "Gaffy." But he does not suffer from this affectionate familiarity. The day of his assassination, Mrs. Blaine was quickly at the White House:

I stood with Mrs. McVeagh in the hall when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us, and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us. I thought I should die.

Grant does not fare so well—as witness this:

Friday (February 16, 1872), we had our Presidential dinner. Oh, how glad I am to have it over! . . . The President is so heavy in everything but feeding—there he is very light. He talked incessantly about himself.

Arthur fares worse still:

All his ambition seems to centre in the social aspect of the situation. Flowers and wine and food, and slow pacing with a lady on his arm, and a quotation from Thackeray or Dickens, or an old Joe Miller joke, told with an uninterfered-with particularity, . . . make up his book of life.

It is to Arthur's Administration, by the way, that unofficial Washington—particularly the Washington of teas and dinner-parties—looks back with most regret!

Naturally, Blaine himself fares best of all. His weaknesses are not spared, but if any testimony to his likeableness were needed, here it is in abundance from the bright companion of all his active years. One remembers, of course, how Macaulay disposed of those defenders of Charles I who would set against his public acts his private virtues and amiability; but our human nature refuses to be entirely put down by his sarcasm; and most of us will incline to think a little better of Blaine—at any rate, we will *wish* to think better of him—after reading a passage like this:

I miss Mr. Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner. I miss his unvarying attention, and as constant neglect. When alone with him, I am not my own. When others are in, go as you please is the rule, and the alternation suits me exactly.

Or this:

Now that I am absolutely mending, your father is in gay spirits. My attack completely broke him up. Had it not been so pathetic, it would have been amusing. He would not go to the Senate, thought himself sick, broke all his engagements, and excused himself to everybody on the ground that he could not leave me. In my room he sat on my bed or creaked across from corner to corner by the hour, making me feel a guilty wretch to cause him so much misery.

Or this:

Here your father, who cannot bear to be alone, though he prohibits talking, is devoting himself to the most difficult portion of his eulogy [the eulogy on Garfield, afterwards read before Congress], the long sickness, with its fatal termination. For the second time this morning, I see him taking from the drawer a fresh pocket handkerchief, with which he vainly tries to hide his tears, and this time, wholly overcome, he has beaten a retreat to the blue room. Oh, M., there indeed is a Douglas, tender and true!

Or even this, written when the excitement over the Mulligan letters was at its height:

You confirm what I have always said, that those who know him most, love him best. I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunder-

stand me, I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best.

The last might be the testimonial of any loving wife to the virtue of any affectionate husband; but we must take it with Blaine's successful standing of a severe test; for Mrs. Blaine was thoroughly aware of his remarkably strong tendency to hypochondria—a kind of weakness women find it hard to condone in men. As Mr. Stanwood has pointed out, it grew on Blaine until, near the end, it became almost a positive dementia. That state of mind seems, in fact, to have been the chief reason why, in the winter of 1887-8, Blaine took himself out of the race for the Presidency.

There is a useless index, consisting of a list of proper names, with nothing, but the pages on which they are referred to. The notes are school-girlish, and not without errors.

Napoleon and the Archduke Charles: A History of the Franco-Austrian Campaign in the Valley of the Danube in 1809. By F. Loraine Petre. With 8 illustrations and 5 sheets of maps and plans; pp. xiv+413. New York: John Lane Co. \$4.

This is not Mr. Petre's first appearance as a military historian. His volumes on Napoleon's campaigns in Poland and Prussia were favorably received and will doubtless remain for a long time the most complete treatment of that subject in English. The present work deals with a topic that "has received scant notice in England and has been a good deal misunderstood. The misunderstanding has been mainly due to Napoleon's successful misrepresentation of the earlier part [of the campaign] as one of his greatest and most successful efforts." This misunderstanding no longer exists for military specialists, for the monographic work of German, French, and Austrian officers, based upon documents in the military archives of various European countries, has at last made possible a clear comprehension of Napoleon's operations. The most important of these works are by Sasaki ("Campagne de 1809"), Bonnal ("Manœuvre de Landshut"), Angeli ("Erzherzog Karl als Feldherr"), and Binder-Kriegelstein. The results of these investigations were, however, inaccessible to the public, and even to the many students of military history who do not read German, and it is this want that Mr. Petre has supplied. Besides the books mentioned above, he has made use of the correspondence of Napoleon and some dozen other works that treat wholly or partly of the campaign of 1809. Mr. Petre also visited the ground itself, studied the battles on the spot, and has given us some excellent photographs. The re-

sultant volume, though serviceable to the general reader, will not fully meet the needs of the student who would use it as an introduction to a more detailed investigation of the subject; for it contains no bibliography; the footnotes are incomplete, and often lacking entirely; and some of the maps are poorly made. Clearly, the book is not from the pen of a critically trained historian, but it is so much better than anything we previously possessed in English that we should feel grateful for it.

Mr. Petre confines his attention almost exclusively to military operations, and barely touches the diplomatic complications that were so serious, especially in the interval between Aspern and Wagram. Such a limitation is, of course, perfectly legitimate. A brief introduction on the origin of the war is followed by chapters on the armies and their leaders, the preparations on both sides, the theatre and the plans of operation. Five chapters are devoted to the campaign around Ratisbon, three to the march to Vienna, and five to the battles of Aspern and Wagram. There is little fine writing; the pages are crowded with facts and figures, and at times the narrative seems in danger of being swamped by details. If the writer does not always draw order from chaos, the fault is not wholly his, for the operations were often lacking in unity.

Throughout the campaign, Napoleon was favored by fortune: his opponent generally missed his opportunity and gave the Emperor abundant time to correct mistakes. At first Napoleon displayed remarkable ability in concentrating the forces that had been so stupidly scattered by Berthier that the French army was practically at the mercy of the advancing and concentrated Austrians. But in carrying out this operation, Napoleon often acted on incomplete data, and took chances that would have been fatal had he been opposed to an energetic and well-informed general. Napoleon's whole conception of conditions was optimistic and often false. He counted, for example, on the arrival of Masséna at Landshut twenty-four hours before Masséna reached it; "he never allowed for Charles's actual movement from left to right to the eastward of Davout and then northwards to Ratisbon." As the Austrians retreated before him to Landshut, he thought that he was driving their whole army into a *cul-de-sac* to be closed by Masséna at the other end, and it was only in the afternoon of the twenty-second that he learned that he had been using the bulk of his army to defeat less than a third of the Austrian army, and that Charles had concentrated at Ratisbon. True, 42,000 Austrians were driven through Landshut, but Masséna was not there to close the *cul-de-sac*. Napoleon blundered seriously in his failure

to follow Charles across the Danube and force him to give battle. Had he done so, he would have thrown the Austrian army "into the forests of Bohemia, where it would have disbanded for want of supplies; the *Landwehr*, which afterwards furnished 60,000 men, would not have formed, our depots of recruits would have dispersed, and in a fortnight Napoleon would have become master of and disposed of all our resources." Such, at least, was the opinion of the Austrian Gr  nne, expressed to the Prince de Ligne at the close of the war. Equally destructive of the legend of the brilliant generalship of Napoleon during this campaign is the description of the battle of Essling. All English accounts of this battle attribute Napoleon's failure to win to the breaking of the bridge of boats over the Danube before reinforcements could cross. Mr. Petre, however, writes:

For the defeat of Essling the Emperor had himself to blame. He had certainly been careless in his preparation for the crossing, once more a result of his unbounded pride and his contempt for the enemy. He had been amply warned of the danger of a sudden rise of the Danube. . . . Yet he trusted his army to a single bridge of boats without any protection by stockades, or by boats cruising about to arrest such floating masses above the bridge. His information about Charles's position seems to have been bad, and to have led him not to expect serious resistance immediately after the passage. Even on the morning of Essling, his cavalry had failed to detect the advance of the whole Austrian army. Napoleon was always preaching the advantages of field fortification, yet he neglected it before Essling. . . . Perhaps Napoleon's escape from still greater disaster at the battle of Essling was due as much to the Austrian failure as to his own efforts. . . . Napoleon had no justification for attributing his defeat to the breaking of the bridge.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that "brilliant as many of Napoleon's man  uvres had been, the campaign differed widely in the degree of its success from its predecessors of Austerlitz and Jena." Mr. Petre declares further:

Its comparative failure must be attributed largely to Napoleon's preconceived idea of marching on Vienna, irrespective of the enemy's movements, an idea to which he obstinately adhered when Charles retreated through Ratisbon into Bohemia. Had Napoleon followed him to Cham with the corps of Davout, Mass  na, and Lannes, it is difficult to doubt that the result must have been the defeat of the Austrian army, with its complete break-up in the Bohemian forest.

A Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

This concordance is the first to appear under the auspices of the Concordance Society, organized at Yale in De-

cember, 1906. Professor Cook has been assisted in gathering the material by several Yale teachers and others, and in the proofreading by professors and teachers at Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and elsewhere; but, unfortunately, the book is marred by omissions, errors, and inconsistencies, due in the main not so much to lack of scholarship and care as to the bad mistake made at the outset in the selection of Gosse's edition (1884) as the basis for the text and the collation of the manuscripts and early editions. For his text, Gosse follows Dr. W. J. Rolfe, whom he credits in his preface with being "the first to return to the revised text of 1768," in his "Select Poems of Gray" (1876). Gosse, however, copies the one misprint in Dr. Rolfe's first edition (found in many other editions of Gray), of "Not" for "Nor" in line 36 of the "Hymn to Adversity." This has led to the omission of that "Nor" in the concordance. Another strange omission—the only one we have noted in the text of the poems—is "drooping" in line 107 of the "Elegy." This, however, is the only poem which we have carefully compared with the concordance, and to which we shall confine ourself here.

The entire body of the standard text of Gray's poetry is so small that it hardly needs a concordance; and the "Elegy," which we all know by heart, is least dependent upon any such aid. But the three extant manuscripts of that poem in the poet's handwriting are less accessible, and are of peculiar interest for their many *varia lectiones*, which, so to speak, let us into the poet's workshop and illustrate the gradual elaboration of the final text. The Mason (or Fraser) manuscript was probably the earliest, as indicated by its having, in stanza 13, "Cato," "Tully," and "C  sar," the change of which to English names is one of the most interesting and significant in the poem. Critics have given reasons for believing that the Egerton manuscript was earlier, but this change seems to settle the question. The four stanzas, beginning "The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow" are also peculiar to the Mason manuscript. The interlineations, marginal readings, and deletions in this manuscript are so numerous and complicated that it would not be possible to indicate them clearly in ordinary concordance form, without frequent explanatory notes under the entries, or, better, a detailed description in an appendix. But Professor Cook's plan might have worked much better, if he had not blindly followed Gosse's imperfect and inaccurate collation of this manuscript. A few out of fifty or more of Gosse's blunders will serve as illustrations:

In line 6 of the "Elegy" ("And all the air," etc.) Gosse says that the Mason manuscript has "Now" for "And." It reads "And now."

In stanza 4 "Village" is crossed out, and "Hamlet" written over it. Words thus crossed out might be omitted in a concordance, but Professor Cook is inconsistent in treating them. Here he omits any reference to "Village," as Gosse does; but in stanza 18, where "Burn" (in line 4) is crossed out, and "With" written over it, Gosse gives "Burn" as a manuscript variant of "With," and so does the concordance. Neither mentions "crown" in the preceding line over "at the"; or "hallow'd" (line 4) with "by" over it, and "kindled at" under it. Gray, after first writing:

And at the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
Burn Incense hallow'd in the Muse's Flame,
finally decided on the present reading:

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
The reader will see that in cases like this—which is not a solitary one—the history of the passage could not be made clear in a concordance without special note or explanation.

In stanza 8 the manuscript reading is muddled by both Gosse and Cook. The manuscript underlines "useful" and puts "homely" (underlined) in the margin; but they give "rustic" as the manuscript reading for "useful," though it is really the manuscript word for "homely" in the next line. In stanza 12 both ascribe "Reins" for "rod" to the same two manuscripts, but it is in all three.

In stanza 13, neither gives "had damp'd," the reading of the Mason, with both "depress'd" and "repress'd" over it.

In stanza 27, the Mason reads thus:
One morn' we missed him on th' accustomed
Hill

By the Heath-side & at his fav'rite Tree.
"Along the" is written over "By the," "side" is crossed out, "near" put above "at," and the first syllable of "accustomed" is crossed out. The only change noted by Gosse and Cook is "I" for "we." In the next stanza, only one of four changes ("yon" for "that") is noted by them.

These specimens of the defects and errors of Gosse's edition, unluckily reproduced in the concordance, should serve as a warning to the editors of the concordances that are to follow. Let them at the start be sure of their texts and authorities. In the Gray the publishers have done their share of the work admirably, and it is a pity that the book should be so "faultily faultless."

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy. By Sibyl Wilbur. New York: Concord Publishing Co.

In telling the life story of Mrs. Eddy, Sibyl Wilbur says that she "plants herself unreservedly on the methods of St. Mark. St. Mark, I believe, was a scribe

who related what he had been able to gather from witnesses in a direct and unvarnished way." She adds that "all statements of fact made in this narrative are founded upon reliable evidence, town registers, church books, and court records." Here are two rather different historical methods; in the main, however, the writer's material is journalistic, and not documentary. This circumstance destroys its value as a presentation of the much controverted facts of Mrs. Eddy's life. The time has passed when, upon this subject, the public will accept patiently anything but sworn testimony. Mrs. Wilbur's book is semi-official, and is clearly intended as a counter-blast to the Milmine biography, recently published in *McClure's Magazine*. That work consisted of little more than a collection of documents—private letters, court testimony, extracts from contemporary newspapers, and sworn affidavits of people who had come personally into contact with Mrs. Eddy. Manifestly, any rejoinder, if it is to be made convincing, should adopt the same methods. The fact that Mrs. Wilbur, after spending many months carefully going over the ground, was unable to produce that kind of testimony in rebuttal, seems rather conclusive evidence that it cannot be found.

Miss Milmine, for example, published the affidavit of a certain Horace Wentworth of Stoughton, Mass., in which, with much circumstantial detail, he accuses Mrs. Eddy of attempting to set fire to his mother's house. In reply to this Mrs. Wilbur simply ridicules Horace Wentworth; the fact that Mrs. Eddy's theories as to the unreality of disease aroused in him, as a young man, a spirit of "jocularity" and "mockery," is apparently adduced as a reason for disbelieving his sworn statements. The Quimby controversy is an even more important and significant case in point. Whether Mrs. Eddy obtained her ideas from Quimby is of little importance, so far as the value of these ideas is concerned; but inasmuch as Mrs. Eddy vigorously repudiates any such obligation, the discussion, in its bearing upon her own character, is worth while. The documentary evidence on this point, all printed in the Milmine biography, is extensive. Among other things, there was produced an original letter, written in 1871 and signed by Mrs. Eddy herself, in which she informs her correspondent that her theory "has been practised by one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty-five years, starting from the standpoint of magnetism, thence going forward and leaving that behind." Mrs. Wilbur absolutely ignores this pertinent document, which, of course, in itself forever disposes of Mrs. Eddy as the originator of the Christian Science idea.

Quimby, as is well known, left ten volumes of manuscripts; now in the possession of his son, George A. Quimby, of Belfast, Me. Mrs. Wilbur regards these as negligible, simply because they are not in Quimby's handwriting—his wife, son, and one or two favorite pupils acting as his amanuenses. On the same ground she could prove that Milton did not write "Paradise Lost," or Benvenuto Cellini his autobiography. These illustrations, which could be multiplied indefinitely, show the futility of the present attempt to explain away the facts of Mrs. Eddy's career. In other details—in the description of Mrs. Eddy's queer nervous temperament, her "seizures," her cradle-rockings, her strange aversion to her own child, her fondness for associating with spiritualists, her colossal egotism—the present book confirms impressions received from other sources.

Before and After Waterloo: Letters from Edward Stanley, sometime Bishop of Norwich. Edited by Jane H. Adeane and Maud Grenfel. Pp. 308. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Before and after Waterloo" is too pretentious a title for fifty letters, some of them mere notes, written during the hurry of travel and never intended for publication. It is safe to assume that no one would have been more amused than the good Bishop of Norwich himself at this attempt to add extraneous dignity to his hasty jottings of travel. The nature of the volume is characterized much more truly by the dedication, "Echoes of Past Days at Alderley Rectory." Edward Stanley was born in 1780, the son of Sir John Stanley of Alderley in Cheshire. Graduating from Cambridge in 1802, he set out for a "grand tour" of the Continent, and passed the most of a year in Spain. On his return to England, he took orders, and in 1805 he was presented by his father to the living of Alderley, where he remained until his appointment to the bishopric of Norwich in 1837. It was in 1814 and 1816, while rector of Alderley, that Stanley made his second and third trips to the Continent. The letters are in three groups, corresponding to the three journeys.

The first (forty-five pages) contains nine letters, all by Stanley. They are sprightly and interesting, reflecting the point of view of a young man of culture, keen vision, and artistic tastes. But the historian familiar with the pages of Arthur Young will find these first letters rather destitute of new material. Here and there we encounter an incident recorded with so sure a touch and such appreciation of its importance as to fill us with regret that the young man did not follow the example of Young and keep a journal. One such event was an execution that Stan-

ley witnessed at Lyons. The description is rendered more vivid by a sketch of the guillotine from his notebook. After the abdication of Napoleon, Stanley visited France, the Rhine country, Belgium, and Holland. He was gone about six weeks, and wrote fourteen letters, which are preceded by a collection of fourteen others written in the same year from London by Lord Sheffield, Lady Maria Stanley, Miss Louisa Clinton, Miss Catherine Fanshawe, and Mrs. Edward Stanley. At this time King William of Prussia, Alexander of Russia, and Madame de Staël were the lions of London, and the letters of the ladies, full of incidents relating to these distinguished persons, are well worth reading. For this second journey Stanley's letters are longer and meatier, and are supplemented by sixteen full-page sketches, some of them in color. His Paris letters afford illuminating glimpses of the life at the Tuilleries and in the salons, with pen-portraits of Louis XVIII, Madame de Staël, Sir Charles Stuart, and the former marshals of Napoleon. On the third journey, lasting about a month, Stanley was accompanied by his wife, by his brother-in-law, Edward Penrhyn, and Donald Crawford. In this group there are sixteen letters—three by Lord Sheffield (1814 and 1815), six by Stanley, and seven by Mrs. Stanley. With Crawford, who had fought at Waterloo, the party explored the field. From Waterloo they went to Paris, where they remained about three weeks. The letters themselves, containing lively descriptions of the movements of the Stanleys, resemble much the letters of modern tourists, with only here and there a bit of fresh information. The text of this third section is illustrated by ten drawings from the sketch-book of Stanley, some of them very clever.

There are two excellent portraits of Stanley. The face is so full of "sweetness and light" that the editors might well be forgiven for believing that all the world would be as much interested in what he wrote as were those who knew and loved him.

Alaska, the Great Country. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Hear it all, ye polar bears,
Waltz about the pole in pairs.
All ye icebergs, make salaam.
You belong to Uncle Sam!

So sang the mockers forty years ago, sure that in the purchase of Alaska we were badly over-reached. Such misconceptions have long since passed away. Successive travellers record more and more wonderful stories, until now, in Mrs. Higginson's book, we seem to have touched the limit of enthusiasm. She belongs to the class of women-travellers and explorers which includes

Lady Brassey, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bish-op, and Miss Peck, the mountain-climber. They "dare do all that may become a man"—indeed, they dare do more. It is a robust, impressionable, eupeptic, peaceful-conscientious company, whose overflowing amiability and content with life are reflected in the scenes and people they contemplate, so that they give us the most favorable pictures. Mrs. Higginson's seas pass from lavender and violet into opal and sapphire; her islands embosomed in the Japan current are emerald in their greenness; gates of ice like pearl guard the entrances to sounds and straits, upon which look down the diamond stars; all stones known to lapidaries gleam and flash in the earth, sky, and sea. All the sweet things of nature are levied upon heavily for illustrations. The people whom Mrs. Higginson finds in these charming surroundings comport well with their environment. Savage and civilized alike showed her their best side. The result is an agreeable book—a record that is sympathetic and vivid—in which the world seems bright, and the souls that inhabit it cheery and likable. We must be pardoned for declaring that we think Mrs. Higginson's admirations are sometimes too glowing. Other eyes would find bleak and desolate the landscapes which her effusive enthusiasm transfigures; and there is much evidence that in the Far Northwest, there is a devil abroad to whom this record does not give half his due. It is thoroughly a woman's book, emotional, pleasant-tempered, picturesque, and (shall we say it?) in cool accuracy not quite careful, and in discrimination, not quite keen.

Science.

"REVOLUTIONIZING THE PRACTICE OF SURGERY."

The newspaper dispatches from Chicago are telling us wonderful things about "thor-rad-X," which, according to various physicians of that city, is "the most powerful therapeutic agent in the world," and will therefore "revolutionize the practice of surgery." But within the last forty years, more or less, the newspapers have announced at least forty discoveries of the most powerful therapeutic agent in the world; and, on paper, the practice of medicine has been revolutionized every six months. But we continue to go on in the old way, advancing the boundaries of knowledge inch by inch, inventing a serum for diphtheria now, and later an anti-toxin for cerebro-spinal meningitis. Our bacteriologists, pathologists, anatomists, and surgeons are accomplishing wonderful results, as any one who will review the progress of medicine in the last half-century must admit. But we can

not abolish disease at a stroke. And, in particular, we are still very ignorant of the exact effect of X-rays, radium, and, above all, of this new substance which is supposed to unite their qualities. The Finsen-ray has been employed in healing lupus. X-rays have proved very useful in various kinds of diagnosis, as for dislocated bones. These rays have also cured certain superficial ulcers and affections of the skin, some of which are likewise to be cured by caustics. Radium has been tried with apparent success in several of the superficial and less malignant types of cancer. But it is too soon to tell just what it can accomplish; we have not yet experimented with it long enough. Much less can we pin our faith to "thor-rad-X," the latest of them all. No competent physician would pronounce a cancer cured because it had for the moment disappeared. The cells may still be lurking dormant in the body, to start into activity again when vitality is temporarily lowered, or when a bruise, a strain, or a local irritant may act as an excitant. For some kinds of cancer three or four years must pass before a cure may be regarded as complete.

The chief effect of these widely heralded "discoveries" is to rouse false hopes and lead men to neglect or else to postpone until too late the proper therapeutic measures. Physicians in New York city can point to very recent cases in which patients have refused to undergo comparatively simple operations, under the delusion that X-rays or radium would do the work. The treatment may have checked temporarily the progress of the malady, but in the meantime the cells of the cancer have been spreading through the body and forming metastases, new centres of disease, which ultimately have proved fatal. There are various serums and treatments which may sometimes act as palliatives, and possibly cures; but the highest authorities are agreed that the best way to cure a cancer (except, perhaps, these slight and superficial forms to which we have referred) is to make an early diagnosis, and submit to a thorough operation, for the removal of the diseased tract and a considerable portion of the surrounding tissue. Cancer, they tell us, is at the beginning a local disease. If it can be taken then, the chances of complete extirpation are much greater. What is more, surgical technique in the operations for cancer has improved within the decade, and the probabilities of recovery are therefore larger than ever before. In twenty years, or even ten, an absolute specific for the less virulent forms of sarcoma and carcinoma may conceivably be found, but to-day the surest protection is still the knife.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's plan of building in New York city four model tenement

houses for tuberculous families has much to commend it. It is unfortunately true that many tuberculosis patients who are temporarily invigorated and strengthened by treatment under the supervision of a hospital or some charity, go down hill as soon as the supervision is relaxed and the nourishing food ceases. Then they often return to their former conditions of living, perhaps to some of the thousands of dark interior rooms that still disgrace the city. For a long time past it has been felt that supervision of the sleeping quarters of the sick was all-important. This has been made possible for the Presbyterian Hospital ever since April, 1905, owing to the generosity of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Visiting nurses have been sent into the homes to improve the living conditions, and milk and eggs supplied both at the hospital and through the New York Diet Kitchen Association. It has been the aim of the hospital to aid, primarily, incipient or moderately advanced cases where there is a fair prospect of recovery. But as the work has progressed, the nurses and doctors have felt the hopelessness of combating the disease in foul and germ-ridden tenements. Hence this new scheme. In Mrs. Vanderbilt's model tenements the families in which there are one or more sick will remain until they can safely live elsewhere without dread of the white scourge. Doubtless there will be some persons who will wish that these tenements had been instituted under some agency more general in its activities than a single hospital. If it is asked whether Mrs. Vanderbilt would not have done better to put a million dollars into sanatoria, the answer is that there is everywhere a feeling that the importance of sanatoria has been over-estimated. "Their greatest usefulness," according to Dr. Shively, through whom Mrs. Vanderbilt will make her investment, "is in the treatment of the well-to-do and middle-class patient." They can never be a very large factor in the treatment of the poor. The particular virtue of the tuberculosis tenement is, however, its preventing the break-up of families. If the patient sent away is the mother, the children are usually dispersed in all directions, and the same is too often true if the father is compelled to give up his work. In the Vanderbilt tenements, the father or mother can not only stay with the family, be as well treated, and live as hygienically as if in a sanatorium, but can be free from the depressing influence of idleness and exclusive association with other invalids.

For the Rural Science Series (the Macmillan Co.), J. G. Lipman has prepared an attractive volume on "Bacteria in Relation to Country Life." After a rather brief but perhaps sufficient account of the organisms and the conditions affecting their growth, a number of subjects are discussed, many of them of great and practical interest both to rural and urban readers, such as water, sewage, food preservation, milk and its products, of which a particularly neat account is given. Much space, almost a third of the book, is quite properly given to the relation of bacteria to the soil and to the growth of plants. This part of the subject is very interesting reading and shows clearly how complex the problems of scientific farming have become

and how worthy of expensive experimentation. Scarcely less interesting, although exceedingly brief, is the discussion of the sewage problem. Many of the illustrations, made by some photographic process, are beautiful pictures of plant life and structure; a few, particularly those of cultures and apparatus, are quite unclear and inadequate. Misprints are so rare in the book that one suspects the hand of the printer's devil in "Diseases of Swine," which, as a headline (p. 461), marks the discussion of various bacterial diseases of wine.

"Human Foods," by Harry Snyder (the Macmillan Co.), despite its purpose of aiding students of collegiate rank, smacks of the experiment station, and is a text-book of decidedly elementary quality. The character of the different foods, their composition, preparation, and preservation—all this is exceedingly well described. This part of the book is liberally illustrated by pictures, which, unfortunately, do not always clearly show what the reader is expected to see, and some of them are quite superfluous. The explanation of the nutritive value of foods is less satisfactory; in fact, the statements as to what is really meant by nutritive value are far from being clear and explicit. Nor could pupils, otherwise suited to the book, understand the diagrams concerning the dietary standards and the cost of foods without the aid of a patient teacher. A final chapter of laboratory exercises makes no very serious demands on the knowledge or intelligence of the student, and an equally light requirement as to the teacher is indicated by the "review questions," 819 in number. This kind of book will hardly increase the respect of intelligent readers for the courses in "domestic science," "nutrition," or "food values," which are beginning to make a pretentious show in the curriculum of many colleges.

The seventh International Congress for Applied Chemistry will be held in London from May 27 to June 2. Sir William Ramsay will be chairman of the convention.

James W. Moore, professor of mechanics and experimental philosophy at Lafayette College since 1872, died February 28 at the age of sixty-four. He is the author of "The Elements of Natural Philosophy" and numerous papers on physics.

Dr. Daniel R. Brower, professor of nervous and mental diseases at Rush Medical College, and author of many monographs on insanity, died in Chicago March 1, aged seventy years. Dr. Brower attained distinction in medicine and surgery during the civil war, and later was at the head of a hospital for the insane of West Virginia.

A distinguished Orientalist is lost in the death of Lieut.-Col. Sir George King, at the age of sixty-eight. He entered the Bengal Medical Service in 1865, and six years later was appointed to the chair of botany in the Medical College, and to the supervision of the Royal Botanic Garden of Calcutta. His most valuable publication was the "Manual of Cinchona Cultivation," besides which he wrote a number of monographs on Indian flora.

Dr. Julius H. P. J. Thomsen, professor emeritus of the University of Copenhagen, has died in his eighty-fourth year. The four volumes of his "Thermochemische Un-

tersuchungen" (1882-86) embody his best-known work.

Drama.

"A Motley Jest," by Oscar Fay Adams (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), includes two Shakespearean experiments, which are, perhaps, more entertaining than valuable. The first, called "A Shakespearean Fantasy," is a sort of supplement to the "Tempest," in which Prospero with the aid of Ariel transports Ferdinand and Miranda, long since happily married, back to the enchanted island, which he peoples for them, temporarily, with the figures of Shakespeare's stage folk—Romeo and Juliet, the nurse, Mercutio, Falstaff, Lear, Richard II, Henry VI, and others—who discourse briefly in a fashion more or less in accordance with their theatrical moods and character. The burlesque is cleverly done, the general mimicry of manner and matter being often exceedingly apt and ingenious. It is almost needless to say that the resemblance does not extend far below the surface. But the literary exercise is both skilful and diverting. The second experiment is an imaginary sixth act to "The Merchant of Venice," in which Shylock is Christianized, officially and publicly, and openly proclaims his apostasy while secretly hugging his ancient faith and his passion for revenge. This, too, is a clever conceit, but less happy than the other.

"A Woman of Impulse," by Louis Ans-pacher, produced in the Herald Square Theatre on Monday evening, exhibits a certain amount of literary skill—in spots—some ingenuity in construction, and considerable acquaintance with ancient theatrical device, but is a singularly unequal and disappointing work, although it is likely to be successful. Professing to be a study of what is commonly described as the artistic temperament—often a mere euphemism for vanity, selfishness, or immorality—it starts off in promising fashion along a vein of genuine, if not very brilliant, comedy, lapses into sheer foolishness—descending even to the depth of a comic curate—passes through a term of sensational melodrama, and, after reaching an effective and fairly logical climax, closes conventionally and feebly with a happy ending. The central figure, that of a famous prima donna, an intensely wilful, whimsical, passionate, irresponsible, but intrinsically honest and generous-hearted woman, is a good conception; and there are truth and humor in the earlier scenes, which show how her husband's patience is exhausted and his jealousy excited by her irascibility and flightiness. Here a sound foundation seems to be laid for genuine comedy. But all expectations of that kind are destroyed permanently by the plunge into melodrama, which, although it is indisputably interesting in a theatrical way, with its elaborately calculated complications and its protracted suspense, is too plainly artificial to carry any illusion of reality or to have much actual dramatic value. Moreover, the sensational developments, which are the main strength of the play, have little or nothing to do with the character traits which are supposed to furnish the motive power of the action. Nevertheless, the repudiation of the husband

by the outraged wife—for his indulgence in suspicions which, as a matter of fact, were not altogether unreasonable—was a logical and natural domestic catastrophe, and the piece might well have ended at that point. Miss Kathryn Kidder, as the heroine, displays her capacity as an intelligent and well-trained actress, both in the lighter and more serious episodes, but her support is inferior.

An elaborate scenic production is promised for Shakespeare's "King John," with which Robert Mantell will begin his approaching engagement in the New Amsterdam Theatre on March 8. This is well, but the quality of the cast, of course, is of even more importance than the scenic decorations. One reason why this tragedy has been so long absent from the stage is the difficulty of finding competent players for its many important parts. Among them may be noted, in addition to the King himself, Arthur, Hubert, the Bastard Philip, Pandolph, Eleanor, and Constance. Philip Faulconbridge, though a showy, is not a particularly difficult character, but Constance and Hubert both demand special ability.

The annual series of dramatic performances at Stratford-on-Avon, beginning on Monday, April 19, will be given by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and their Shakespearean company. The special birthday revival this year will be "Cymbeline," a play not hitherto produced by Mr. Benson. Fifteen plays of Shakespeare will be presented, including the histories: "King John," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth" (Part I), "Henry the Fifth," "Henry the Sixth" (Part II), "Richard the Third," and a scene from "Henry the Eighth." The programme will also include four Chester Mystery Plays, "The Belle's Stratagem," by Hannah Cowley; "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton; and "A Midnight Bridal," a play in one act adapted from the story of Halliwell Sutcliffe by Mrs. F. R. Benson and H. O. Nicholson. Among the performers will be: Miss Genevieve Ward, who will appear as Volumnia and Queen Margaret; Matheson Lang, Hamlet; Miss Hutin Britton, Ophelia; Henry Ainley, Shylock; Miss Constance Collier, Portia; Forbes-Robertson, and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

The great popular success of the recent revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Lyceum has encouraged the management to try a spectacular production of "Hamlet." Matheson Lang will play the Prince, Miss Hutin Britton will be Ophelia; Halliwell Hobbes, Horatio; Eric Mayne, the King; and Frederick Ross, the Ghost. The significant fact about this performance, of course, is that the Lyceum no longer pretends to be anything but a money-making house. It cares a good deal more for cash than it does for art. Like other purely commercial theatres, it seeks to give the public what it wants, and it has decided that Shakespeare is likely to prove more profitable than modern melodrama. While on this subject, it may be noted that H. B. Irving's revival of "Hamlet" has been so successful in London that he has found it necessary to give extra performances. His appeal, it need scarcely be added, is to the audience of the old Lyceum, not to that of the new.

John Hare informs subscribers to the Henry Irving memorial that Thomas Brock,

R.A., has now practically finished the plaster model for the statue of the actor, and all that now remains to be done is the casting in bronze. There is every reason to hope that, in the autumn of the present year, the statue will be erected on the site arranged for it at the back of the National Portrait Gallery in Charing Cross Road, London.

The German Volks Theater in Vienna has just witnessed another success for Karl Schönherr (whose "Erde" recently won the Schiller prize in dramaturgy). "Das Königreich," his fairy drama, in four acts, has been very well received.

Music.

Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence. Edited by Max Kalbeck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.

In 1891, six years before his death, Brahms sent to his publisher his last will, in which, among other things, he directed that all letters found in his house after his death should be destroyed without reservation. His executor, however, decided that the will had been drawn up in a moment of irritation, and was not to be taken too literally; so the letters that were of public interest were saved. Among these were 140 which Brahms had received from Heinrich von Herzogenberg and his wife. These, with 141 letters written to them by Brahms, make up a volume which quite deserves the compliment of a translation—a task excellently accomplished by Hannah Bryant. Max Kalbeck, the official biographer of Brahms, has added a number of helpful footnotes. Admirers of Brahms may obtain through this volume a more intimate view of his character than from any other book so far issued.

Herzogenberg was a German professor, who also composed—like a professor. Brahms was his idol, and his mistrust of his own natural instincts was so great that it "made him almost a slave to form and technique." He eagerly courted Brahms's approval, but that master's verdicts were usually either evasive or of oracular ambiguity. "I am sure none of their beauty and delicacy escapes me"—"I cannot make up my mind as to the claims of any one above the rest"—are specimens of what Frau Herzogenberg wittily called his "enharmonic ambiguities." She drops hints:

Naturally my husband would have been pleased, poor devil, had you been able to say of any one movement: "I like that." You know yourself what a difference that makes.

But the inexorable idol was not to be coaxed into flattery. Quite the contrary; the moment came when he exploded:

I have been more than usually impressed this time with the great similarity of our

work! In looking over the chorals, the quartets, and the songs, I was quite agitated to find how vividly they recalled all sorts of efforts of my own. May your own agitation, when you have occasion to indulge in a similar retrospect, be of a more pleasing order than mine!

Even this bluntness did not disconcert Herzogenberg. "I could read *every* meaning into your mysterious words—pleasing or painful according to the way I turn them about," he wrote; and Brahms answered, wickedly: "I am glad my last letter shone in two colors—gray for me, sky blue for you."

But Brahms by no means had a monopoly of the fun. Frau von Herzogenberg, though she wept sweet tears over some of Brahms's works, did not hesitate to criticise others freely, and there was no "enharmonic ambiguity" about her words. She tells him concerning some of his songs that she does not like them: "The words alone are enough"; concerning others, that they simply repeat messages better delivered in previous songs; even the famous "Sapphic Ode" does not escape her censure. She chides him repeatedly for his choice of poems: "Oh, how could you think this poem worthy of being composed by you?"; and for using the human voice like an instrument: "Why are you sometimes so cruel as to turn poor women into oboes or violins?" Finally, in a long letter (pp. 352-360) she tells Brahms plainly that his truest friends are not those who greet every new volume of his music with rapture before scanning it. "I ask myself," she adds, regarding this same Brahms, "whether he does not sometimes produce things born, not of his heart's blood, but only . . . of his cleverness, his routine, his supreme skill." And again:

I love and admire your music more than ever, but my very admiration leads me to ask why one who has coined and still can coin such gold . . . should be so sparing with it.

Brahms was not in the least angered by this frankness. He knew that Frau von Herzogenberg was competent to sit in judgment, being a good pianist and something of a composer herself; and he continued to send her and her husband his manuscripts, both songs and piano pieces, for inspection before they were printed.

His letters are usually short, and many of them are hardly worth printing—less so, certainly, than are hers, which Brahms valued for their "intrinsic qualities of wit and temperament." Occasionally he is witty, too, at his own expense. In one letter he says:

The orchestra here play my new symphony [in F minor] with crape bands on their sleeves because of its dirge-like effect. It is to be printed with a black edge, too.

Geraldine Farrar will be the principal soloist at the Springfield, Mass., Music Festival in May.

Art.

THE COMIC ARTIST.

Caran d'Ache has a particularly valid claim on the memory of all good Americans. Wilhelm Busch and he were the two great progenitors of the comic supplement. The German artist was much the older man and the pioneer. From him Caran d'Ache borrowed the method of telling a funny story in a succession of pictures, with a minimum of text. This method has been developed to its fullest dreadful possibilities in this country, until we have now the story and the pictorial succession long after the fun has disappeared. In Caran d'Ache's work the idea was always present to animate the drolleries of his pencil. He was not a slavish imitator of Busch. He developed his own conceptions of what the human figure ought to be in the hands of the caricaturist. There were the skeleton pictures in which a man, like an island, was a certain portion of white space bounded by a single line. There were the clear-cut marionette-like figures, in which the same sharpness of line was prominent. There were, finally, the mere circles and cylinders and sacks and flaccid puddings to which a dot here and a stroke there would give an amazingly human aspect. Of American cartoonists, the late F. M. Howarth, with his animated chubby little gingerbread figures, came nearest perhaps to this style of caricature.

Caran d'Ache did political satire as well as social satire and pure comedy. In his political cartoons there is a good deal of the same mannikin physiology that we find in his comic series. There is also a good deal more lighthearted fun than European artists are accustomed to put into their cartoons of statesmen and governments. The King of Siam, home once more from his Western trip, sleeps and has a nightmare. Endless files of stiff little European soldiers clamber up and down his bed, tramp right over his royal body, and disappear. European militarism has rarely been so well shown up in both its tragic aspect and its futility. The stroke is much sharper in a cartoon depicting Wilhelm II's troubles after the dismissal of Bismarck. The Kaiser is in a trainer's cage surrounded by a pack of unruly, snarling beasts, representing the various members of the German Empire. Bismarck, the spectator, remarks, "I left him a circus; he has turned it into a menagerie." But, after all, it is a question whether Caran d'Ache's best work does not fall outside of politics. The French caricaturist declares it a merit that he can be gay without the "brutalities" of the British artist or the vulgarity of the German. As a matter of fact, French caricature, when it turns upon man's non-political failings and er-

rors, can be bitter with an intensity that we seldom find in Anglo-Saxon pictorial satire of the present day. In Caran d'Ache's work, however—was it because of his partly Russian nationality?—the real Gallic cynicism is rather uncommon. Typical of him is a series of a half-dozen pictures entitled the "Jewish Question." The pessimist is arguing that the Jews as a nation worship only money. "Nonsense," says the good-natured man, "when it comes to money, Jew and non-Jews are alike." And he throws a gold Napoleon into the gutter as two men, Jew and Gentile, approach from opposite directions. "Now observe (picture 3) how they will both be fascinated by the coin. Observe (picture 4) how they will both dive for it and come into violent collision. Only (picture 5) the Jew will manage to secure the gold piece. That is all."

A few examples would show that if Caran d'Ache is partly responsible for the comic supplement, he is not responsible for its blatant vulgarities, its emptiness of any real satiric content, and its infinite innocence of ideas. There is no inherent viciousness in the comic series. It has the very best tradition behind it. Before Caran d'Ache and Wilhelm Busch is Daumier's Robert Macaire; and still further back is Hogarth, with his various Progresses. The evil comes when the series is carried for years and years until it is the delectation solely of that dull mind which finds amusement in the mere fact of familiarity.

The pity appears all the greater when we consider how vast is the influence of the comic artist for weal or woe. When people speak of the power of the caricaturist, the habit is to think of the political cartoon. True, the political cartoon has long been an effective weapon of publicity. The history of modern Europe might be written from its cartoons as A. B. Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper have done for the nineteenth century. But it is still an open question whether the satire that deals with us as men and women is not more permanently effective than the satire that appeals to the political animal primarily. A strong political cartoon may make an election or a ministry. The comic artist deals with the permanent traits of human nature and the common facts of life, and, in doing so, shapes our thought and standards of good or ill, subtly but enduringly.

The Macmillan Company has about ready for publication the second volume of Dr. Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue Raisonné of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters," translated by Edward G. Hawke. Its 650 pages are devoted to Albert Cuyp and Philips Wouwerman.

The scandal over the designing of the new Sing Sing Prison bears good fruit in Senator Wainwright's bill for the creation

of a New York State Art Commission. If only there had been such a body of prominent representatives of the fine arts sitting with power when a State Capitol was being planned, New York would have been spared monstrosities and millions. But it will be some gain to have future edifices supervised by a board large and authoritative enough to veto where the State architect might not trust his own solitary judgment or his courage. The men Senator Wainwright would see chosen would demonstrate that beauty and durability are not extravagances, but, in the long run, economies. This idea our country is just beginning to grasp, and the spreading activity of Federal and municipal art commissions is at once the effect and the proof of the new understanding. Simply because the art movement redounds chiefly to the profit and glory of large cities, the States should not withhold assistance. To-day concerned only with offices and hospitals, and their adornment, to-morrow a State commission may become an engine in the beautification of village life.

John La Farge's Scammon Lectures on the Barbizon Painters—the first series of Scammon Lectures, delivered in 1903 at the Art Institute of Chicago—are at last published in handsome form by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. La Farge was himself a young man in Paris when the battle between the classics and the romantics was still waging, and he has evidently never outgrown a certain partisanship, so that his lectures have an oddly controversial air, as if it were still necessary to defend a cause, still impossible to admire both Delacroix and Ingres. But this very quality or defect, which ever it be, gives a personal charm to the book. The facts rehearsed are to be found elsewhere; what interests is the light thrown, incidentally, upon Mr. La Farge himself, his own art, and his attitude toward the art of others. And if the book is not so important as his "Considerations on Painting," yet it was impossible that its author should write anything without passages of a still wider interest—passages of sound and illuminating criticism on art in general, and justifying his title, the "Higher Life in Art."

Francis Bond, already known to students and lovers of English mediæval art by his monumental works on English gothic architecture, English cathedrals, and screens and galleries in English churches, has produced in his new volume, "Fonts and Font Covers" (Henry Frowde), a remarkably full and detailed account of extant fonts in English churches. A brief but interesting and intelligent résumé of the history of the rite of baptism is followed by an historical survey of font-design in England (to which country, as in so many other English books, the treatise is restricted in spite of its comprehensive title) and complete indexes, covering over 1,100 examples. Some 426 excellent half-tone illustrations accompany the text, and supply for the general reader and the artist the interest which only the archæologist or specialist is likely to find in the text. The text, indeed, while a monument of painstaking erudition, and crammed full of detailed information, partakes too much of the nature of a descriptive and analytical catalogue to possess any special charm or attractiveness. As a compendium of informa-

tion, and as an admirable collection of historic examples, most suggestive to architect and decorative or ecclesiastical designer, this handsome book must be of great value, and must entirely supersede all previous essays in the same field.

The American Water Color Society will hold its forty-second annual exhibition at the American Fine Arts Building, No. 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York city, April 29 to May 3. The jury of selection consists of Carlton T. Chapman, Reynolds Beal, Leonard Ochtman, A. T. Van Laer, George Wharton Edwards, W. G. Schneider, W. H. Lippincott, F. K. M. Rehn, R. M. Shurtleff, Bruce Crane, Francis C. Jones, and Arthur Schneider. The members of the Hanging Committee are Charles Warren Eaton, H. L. Hildebrandt, and Cullen Yates.

A retrospective exhibition of the works of John W. Alexander will be held at the National Arts Club, New York city, till March 15. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries here are oil paintings by John F. Carlson at Katz's, March 13; paintings and pastels by Degas, Durand-Ruel's, March 16; paintings of the "1830 School," Schaus's, March 16; etchings, Frank Brangwyn, Wunderlich's, March 20.

Last week, the pictures and other works of art collected by the late Henry Graves of Orange, N. J., were sold at auction in New York city by the American Art Association. The pictures brought \$233,250, and the other objects, \$161,195, a total of \$394,445. The highest price, \$27,000, was paid for Millet's Sheep-Shearing. Among the other important sales were the following: Corot, Mill at Ville d'Avray, \$13,500; Twilight, \$6,000. Daubigny, Gray Skies, \$5,600; Village by the Oise, \$5,000; Green Pasture, \$7,500. Diaz, Edge of the Forest, \$13,000. Dupré, The Old Oak, \$7,900; Evening Twilight, \$8,700; Return of the Flock, \$9,100. Rousseau, Morning on the Oise, \$14,500; Forest of Camplègne, \$11,000. Van Marcke, Verdant Pastures, \$8,300. Delacroix, Wounded Tiger, \$8,000. Isabey, Return from the Hunt, \$5,200. Mauve, Flock of Sheep, \$13,200. Among the porcelains, the peachblooms, thirty-five pieces in all, averaged over \$750 apiece, and one sold as high as \$4,100. A *sang-de-bœuf* vase, 17½ inches high, brought \$8,550.

The seat in the French Académie des Inscriptions left vacant by the death of Dr. Hamy has been bestowed on Théodore Reinach, author of a number of historical and archæological works. He is a brother of Joseph and Salomon Reinach.

Emmanuel Poiré, better known under his pen name of Caran d'Ache (Russian for "lead pencil"), the famous comic artist and cartoonist, died in Paris, February 26. His native place was Moscow, where his grandfather, an officer of the first Napoleon, was taken prisoner in the Russian campaign, and finally became a subject of the Czar. Emmanuel returned to Paris, and became connected with the Cabaret du Chat Noir, where he soon attracted attention by a series of Napoleonic "Ombres Chinoises." From that time forward his humorous and satiric pencil was constantly employed in social or political illustrations. His cartoons, which held nothing sacred, had a potent political influence in the formation of public opinion. During the Panama scandals, his "Carnet de Chèques," a col-

lection of especially biting caricatures, greatly increased his reputation. In later years he did much work for the *Figaro* and for *Le Rire*.

Ernest-Victor Hareux, the landscape painter, has died, at the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Paris, and a member of the Société des Artistes Français.

Finance.

THE RISE IN WHEAT.

While the attention of financial markets has been absorbed in the fall of prices of manufacturers' material, a rise in price, more sensational than the decline in steel and copper, has been going on in another staple market. Last Friday, wheat sold at the highest figure reached since Joseph Leiter's celebrated corner of May, 1898. That operation, which brought cash wheat to \$1.85 in Chicago and \$1.91 in New York was a consequence, first, of Europe's disastrously short crop of 1897; second, of the very scanty supplies in the world's storehouses; and, third, of our Spanish war, which broke out in the "corner month." The spectacular rise in wheat last week was similarly based on a small European crop in 1908, a meagre stock of wheat in the world's granaries, and the persistent mutterings of war in the grain-growing Balkan states.

Wheat sold below a dollar as recently as December; its high level of last week, on the Chicago cash market, was \$1.26. This is an abnormally rapid advance. A comparison of Chicago prices in recent years may be instructive:

	High.	Low.
1908.....	\$1.11, June.	.84½, July.
1907.....	1.22, Oct.	.71, Jan.
1906.....	.94½, May.	.69½, Sept.
1905.....	1.24, Feb.	.78¾, Sept.
1904.....	1.22, Dec.	.81¼, Jan.
1903.....	.93, Sept.	.70¼, March.
1902.....	.95, Sept.	.67½, Oct.
1901.....	.79½, Dec.	.63½, July.
1900.....	.87½, June.	.61½, Jan.
1899.....	.79½, May.	.64, Dec.
1898.....	1.85, May.	.62, Oct.

Considering in detail the causes of the present price, it should be noticed, first, that the world's wheat yield of 1907 was 325,000,000 bushels less than in 1906 and 212,000,000 less than in 1905, a decline of 7 to 10 per cent.; it was, in fact, smaller than any world's crop since 1901. And in that eight-year period, not only had population been increasing, but individual use of wheat, as of other necessities, had been increasing with the good times in trade and industry. It had been hoped after 1907 that the next year would make good the shortage. But it did not do so; America, Asia, and Australia increased their yield slightly over 1907, but Europe itself produced less than before. These are the European harvests, using

Broomhall's estimate for 1908 and our Agricultural Department's for the earlier years:

	Bushels.	Bushels.
1908....	1,594,000,000	1904.... 1,747,262,000
1907....	1,616,086,000	1903.... 1,830,526,000
1906....	1,826,422,000	1902.... 1,817,602,000
1905....	1,803,132,000	1901.... 1,513,553,000

Such short yields necessarily have their effect on the amount of wheat in granaries, by which the price is largely regulated. In this regard, Europe is better off than after 1897; in August of that year, the "European visible" fell to 38,000,000 bushels, and the European and American combined, to 77,500,000, whereas last August the two figures were respectively 48,700,000 and 73,700,000. But even so, Europe's storehouses contained less by 22 per cent. than a year before; and with all the unprecedentedly rapid rushing of American wheat to market last autumn, this is the Broomhall and Bradstreet comparison of stocks on hand as of February 1:

	1909.	1908.	1907.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
Europe	61,700,000	76,700,000	75,900,000
America	75,600,000	67,300,000	80,800,000

Total 137,300,000 144,000,000 150,700,000

It should be observed that the present relatively large "American visible" is the result of an almost unexampled early clearing-out of farmers' bins to reach the favorable autumn market with the abundant supply of railway cars. One of the most important questions is, How much wheat is left behind in the farmers' hands? The Department of Agriculture will report on that on March 8.

What does this state of supplies, with the abnormal prices resulting from it, signify as to general conditions? There are several aspects to the question. The development is not wholly favorable to this country, for the great rise in price has occurred when home supplies have been so nearly exhausted that we have not, as in such high-price years as 1897 and 1879, a large surplus to sell to Europe at inviting prices. In a period of hard times, slack employment, and falling wages, wheat at \$1.26 a bushel, and flour higher by 25 cents a barrel, wholesale, than a year ago, mean increased cost of living when the consumer is least able to meet it. The farmer who has any wheat left over is fortunate, especially since he gets these prices at the very time when the price of his wire fences and farm machinery is falling; but the farmer makes up only a part of the American community.

Prof. Alfred Manes, with the coöperation of a dozen specialists, has published through Mohr of Tübingen a comprehensive insurance dictionary, a venture which had in the last four decades been undertaken three times by German publishers, but only to end in a failure. The work bears the

title "Versicherungs-Lexikon: Ein Nachschlagewerk für alle Wissensgebiete der Privat- und Sozial-Versicherung." Naturally the work deals chiefly with the insurance matters of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. It is published in two solid volumes of 1,682 columns, arranged after the usual manner of an encyclopædia.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbey, Edwin Austin. *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. Boston: Curtis & Cameron. \$5.
- Adams, Oscar Fay. *A Motley Jest: Shakespearean Diversions*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.
- Andréadès, A. *History of the Bank of England*. Translated by Christabel Meredith. London: P. S. King.
- Avery, Elroy McKendree. *A History of the United States and Its People*. Vol. V. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.
- Balch, Thomas. *Willing. L'Évolution de L'Arbitrage International*. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.
- Bazin, René. *This, My Son*. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. Scribner. \$1.25.
- Bell, J. J. *Whither Thou Goest*. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.20 net.
- Benedict, Clare. *A Resemblance, and Other Stories*. Putnam. \$1.50.
- Bérard, Victor. *La Révolution Turque*. Paris: Armand Colin.
- Berthet, Élie. *Le Douanier de mer*. Edited by Robert J. E. Bué. Henry Frowde.
- Berthon, H. E., and Starkey, V. G. *Tables synoptiques de phonologie de l'ancien français*. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
- Black, George F. *A Gypsy Bibliography*. Liverpool: Gypsy Lore Society.
- Blackwood, Algernon. *Jimbo: A Fantasy*. Macmillan. \$1.25.
- Brennan, George H. *Bill Truettell: A Story of Theatrical Life*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. \$1.50.
- Bullen, Frank T. *Young Nemesis*. Dutton. \$1.50.
- Caine, Hall. *My Story*. Appleton. \$2 net.
- Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. III. *Renaissance and Reformation*. Putnam. \$2.50 net.
- Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library. 75 cents.
- Churchill, Winston Spencer. *My African Journey*. George H. Doran Co.
- Coit, Daniel Wadsworth, of Norwich, Connecticut, 1787-1876. *A Memoir*. Privately Printed.
- Crichton-Browne, James. *Parsimony in Nutrition*. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.
- Davidson, John, and Gray, Alexander. *The Scottish Staple at Veere*. Longmans, Green. \$4.50 net.
- De Vigny, Alfred. *Chatterton*. Edited by E. Lauvrière. Henry Frowde.
- Fortescue, J. W. *The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814*. Macmillan. \$3 net.
- Fowler, W. Warde. *Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*. Macmillan. \$2.25 net.
- Gerstenberg, Alice. *A Little World: A Series of College Plays for Girls*. Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Company.
- Glyn, Margaret H. *Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form*. Longmans, Green. \$3.50 net.
- Guinness, Geraldine. *Peru: Its Story, People, and Religion*. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.50 net.
- Hale, Louise Closser. *The Actress*. Harper. \$1.50.
- Ham, Roscoe James, and Leonard, Arthur Newton. *Brief German Grammar*. Ginn. 90 cents.
- Hebrew Prophets for English Readers. Edited by Francis H. Woods and Francis E. Powell. Vol. I. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
- Higginson, Francis. *New England's Plantation, with the Sea Journal and Other Writings*. Salem, Mass.: Essex Book and Print Club. \$3.50.
- Hillquit, Morris. *Socialism in Theory and Practice*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Hitchcock, Alfred M. *Enlarged Practice-Book in English Composition*. Holt. \$1.

Hugo, Victor. *Poèmes Choisis*. 1822-1865. Putnam. \$1 net.
 Jebb, R. C. *The Characters of Theophrastus*. Translated from a revised text. Macmillan.
 Jordan, David Starr, and Kellogg, Vernon L. *The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work*. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$1.75 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1752-1755, 1756-1758. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.
 Key, Ellen. *The Century of the Child*. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
 Kipling, Rudyard. *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.
 Lang, Andrew. *Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh, His Life and Times 1636(?) - 1691*. Longmans, Green. \$4.20 net.
 Lee, Jennette. *Simeon Tetlow's Shadow*. Century. \$1.50.
 Levering, Julia Henderson. *Historic Indiana*. Putnam. \$3 net.
 Loisy, Alfred. *The Gospel and the Church*. Translated by Christopher Home. Scribner. \$1 net.
 Lynde, Francis. *The King of Arcadia*. Scribner. \$1.50.
 McCarthy, Justin Huntly. *The Gorgeous Borgia*. Harper. \$1.50.
 MacColl, Alexander. *A Working Theology*. Scribner. 75 cents net.
 Macdonald, Duncan Black. *The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam*. University of Chicago Press. \$1.75 net.

Mackinlay, M. Sterling. *Garcia, the Centenarian, and His Times*. Appleton.
 Maltzahn, Curt von. *Naval Warfare*. Translated by John Combe Miller. Longmans, Green.
 Mason, Ruth Little. *The Trailers: A Novel*. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.20 net.
 Moore, Justin Hartley. *Sayings of Buddha*. The Iti-Vuttaka. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Myers, William Starr. *The Self-Reconstruction of Maryland, 1864-1867*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
 Nevill, Ralph, and Jerningham, Charles Edward. *Piccadilly to Pall Mall: Manners, Morals, and Man*. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Department of Marine Biology. Vol. II. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
 Paterson, W. E. *School Algebra*. Part II. Henry Frowde.
 Perry, George Powell. *Wealth from Waste, or Gathering Up the Fragments*. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cts. net.
 Pierret, Emile. *Vers la Lumière et la Beauté*. Paris: La Renaissance Française.
 Plato's *Euthyphro*. Edited by St. George Stock. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
 Poëte, Marcel. *L'Enfance de Paris*. Lemcke & Buechner.
 Pratt, James Bissett. *What Is Pragmatism?* Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Ranke, Leopold von. *History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations (1494 to 1514)*. Revised translation by G. R. Dennis. Macmillan.

Reinsch, Paul S. *The Young Citizen's Reader*. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
 Rolfe, W. J. A. *Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
 Ross, Janet, and Erichsen, Nelly. *The Story of Pisa*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Scott, A. Maccallum. *Through Finland*. Dutton. \$1.25 net.
 Seager, Henry Rogers. *Economics: Briefer Course*. Holt.
 Sheldon, Samuel, Mason, Hobart, and Hausmann, Erich. *Alternating-Current Machines: Being the Second Volume of Dynamo Electric Machinery*. D. Van Nostrand. \$2.50 net.
 Slack, S. B. *Early Christianity*. London: Archibald Constable.
 Smith, Geoffrey. *A Naturalist in Tasmania*. Frowde. \$2.50 net.
 Stapfer, Paul. *Récréations grammaticales et littéraires*. Paris: Armand Colin.
 Stubbs, William. *Germany in the Later Middle Ages, 1200-1500*. Edited by Arthur Hassall. Longmans, Green. \$2.25 net.
 Veatch, Byron E. *Men Who Dared*. Chicago: Homer Harisun & Co.
 Weyman, Stanley J. *The Wild Geese*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.
 Yale Verse. Compiled by Robert Moses and Carl H. P. Thurston. New Haven: Yale Publishing Association.
Zoölogy, Treatise on. Edited by E. Ray Lankester. Part I. Introduction and Protozoa. Macmillan. \$5.25 net.

Ready this week
 In the American Nature Series
FISH STORIES

Alleged and Experienced, with a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By CHARLES F. HOLDER, Author of "The Log of a Sea Angler," etc., and DAVID STARR JORDAN, Author of "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," etc. With 4 colored plates and many illustrations from photographs.
 \$1.75 net, by mail, \$1.87.



HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 W. 33d St., NEW YORK

A new volume in
THE ART OF LIFE SERIES
 Edward Howard Griggs, Editor.

SELF-MEASUREMENT
 A SCALE OF HUMAN VALUES WITH DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL APPLICATION.

By WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE
 President of Bowdoin College.

At all bookstores, 50c. net. Postpaid, 55c.
 B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, NEW YORK.

HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA

"An exceedingly interesting history of our highways."—*N. Y. Times Saturday Review*.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

"TONO-BUNGAY"

WHY WORRY?

You need not, if you read Dr. George L. Walton's new book on the subject. Cloth, \$1.00 net. Postpaid \$1.10.
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Send for List of
NEW CASSELL PUBLICATIONS.
 Cassell & Co., 45 East 19th St., N. Y.

NAVAL WARFARE

Its Historical Development from the Age of the Great Geographic Discoveries to the Present Time.

By Baron CURT VON MALTZAHN, Vice-Admiral (retired). Translated from the German by JOHN COMBE MILLER. Crown 8vo. Pp. x-152. \$0.75.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., NEW YORK

ONE-HALF COMPLETED!

THE NEW FIRST FOLIO
SHAKESPEARE

Ed. by PORTER-CLARKE. Text of 1623
 Full notes and variants.

READY:—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Comedie of Errors," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Henry the Fifth," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Romeo and Juliet," "Tempest," "Othello," "Winter's Tale," "Shrew," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Coriolanus," "Merry Wives," "All's Well," "Measure for Measure." Cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, \$1.00 per volume, postpaid.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

Politics	Read	Romance
Mary Johnston's		
Lewis Rand		
The great Novel of the Year		
Adventure		History

THE CLEVEREST BOOK OF THE YEAR
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
 By L. M. MONTGOMERY

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me, stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England, call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

Send for Catalogue.
FOREIGN BOOKS SCHOENHOF BOOK CO. TAUCHNITZ
 128 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. BRITISH AUTHORS

Art.

The Head of Christ

By Leonardo da Vinci

Original in the Brera Palace, Milan



Published in the Medici Prints, a series of reproductions in color after the Old Masters, issued by the Medici Society.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST.

FOSTER BROTHERS

4 Park Square, Boston

SOLE AGENTS IN U. S.

FOR THE

MEDICI SOCIETY



The Musicians Library

65,000 VOLUMES HAVE BEEN SOLD

Special quotations to public, private, and School Libraries sent upon application.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

DITSON BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

BOOKS Not Readily Procurable in the Regular Way generally supplied without difficulty and within a minimum length of time. Out catalog of publications and rarities on request. THE TORCH PRESS BOOK SHOP, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

MAGAZINES (including THE NATION) bought by A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y.

Important Books on Psychical Research

In the scientific study of the question of life after death, the present day is a most significant era. For years men of science have deplored the lack of rational interest in this great problem. "How great a scientific scandal it has been," exclaimed Professor William James, "to leave a great mass of human experience to take its chances between vague tradition and credulity on the one hand and dogmatic denial at long range on the other!" The awakening of scientific interest has come at last, however, and, as a glance at the popular magazines for a twelve-month past will show, this scientific interest has in turn aroused a wide-spread and steadily growing response among the people at large. "Psychic Research," said William E. Gladstone, "is the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important," and the increasing number of books on the subject may be taken as a general recognition of its importance.

We call your attention to the following list of valuable works.

By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D.

Former Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University, Vice-President of the English Society for Psychical Research, Founder and Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Each volume, 12mo. \$1.50 net, or, by mail, \$1.62.

Borderland of Psychical Research

In this book are covered those points in normal and abnormal Psychology that are vital for the student of Psychical Research to know in order that he may judge the abnormal and the supernatural intelligently. The book contains chapters on Normal Sense-Perception, Interpreting and Associating Functions of the Mind, Memory, Dissociation and Oblivescence, Illusions, Hallucinations, Pseudo-Spiritistic Phenomena, Subconscious Action and Secondary Personality, Mind and Body, Hypnotism and Therapeutics, Reincarnation, Reservations and Morals.

"It treats perplexing questions conservatively, and with a view to create an intelligent public interest in the baffling problem of psychical research. It is a book none should neglect who is attracted by the recondite mystery to whose solution it looks forward and attempts to clear the way."—*The Outlook*.

"This book's aim is cautious, its method conservative, and its theme of absorbing interest. It is not a sequel to 'Enigmas of Psychical Research' and 'Science and a Future Life,' but, on the contrary, it rather leads up to them."—*The Bookman*.

"The whole discourse is enlivened and made interesting reading even for the casual inquirer by numerous illustrations and anecdotes."—*Indianapolis News*.

Enigmas of Psychical Research

An account of the scientific investigation and consideration of such well-established phenomena as crystal-gazing, telepathy, dreams, apparitions, premonitions, clairvoyance, mediumistic phenomena, etc.

"Professor Hyslop, be it observed, does not write as one who has fully made up his mind, and is determined to make others see with his eyes. On the contrary, he is careful to preserve an attitude of caution, the attitude, in short, of the trained investigator who feels that the end is not yet in sight. Perhaps this, more than anything else, is responsible for the praise his book has elicited."—*Literary Digest*.

"The new work is a treatment of telepathy, apparitions, and similar phenomena. It is probably the finest collection of authenticated experiences in these spheres that we have at our disposal. He has brought together facts which not only make extraordinarily interesting reading, but are discouragers of conservative incredulity."—*The World To-day*.

Science and a Future Life

In this volume the author discusses the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena.

"Professor Hyslop discusses the problem of life after death from data accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research. He considers the evidence scientifically, basing his argument upon experiments conducted by Sir Oliver Lodge, the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, Professor James, of Harvard, the late Frederic W. H. Myers, and a number of others, including some valuable experimental work of his own."—*Review of Reviews*.

"His argument is like the charge of a judge to a jury, clear, definite, logical, leaving no doubtful point untouched, and no interrogation unanswered. Altogether the book is one of the most important in its particular branch of literature that have ever yet been given to the public. It is the work of a clear-headed scientist who has arrived at his conclusions only after years of the most searching investigations, and who has as one of its results presented a more satisfactory argument in favor of a future life than has been wrought out by any theologian for the last century. It should have a multitude of readers."—*Boston Transcript*.

Psychical Research and the Resurrection

This volume may be considered as a sequel to Professor Hyslop's "Science and a Future Life," as it records the more important work that has been accomplished since the death of Dr. Richard Hodgson, the late leader of psychical research in America. In its pages the author proceeds step by step to show the vital importance to humanity that Science leave no stone unturned to strengthen the Christian faith.

"It is cause for scientific rejoicing that Professor Hyslop has put forth this book."—*Journal of Education*.

"The book is a deeply interesting one—an important contribution to a study which concerns humanity vitally."—*Providence Journal*.

"Useful to those who wish to keep abreast of the progress of psychical research in the United States."—*The Outlook*.

"The book is exceedingly valuable to students of psychical phenomena and to the general reader as well. The incidents related are interesting and the style delightfully simple and effective."—*Indianapolis News*.

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

Director of the Observatory at Juvisy.

Large 12mo, illustrated, price \$2.50 net, or, by mail, \$2.70.

Mysterious Psychic Forces

A comprehensive review of the work done by European scientists of international reputation in investigating psychical phenomena, written by a scientist of world-wide fame. The volume includes the investigations of Sir William Crookes, Professor Richet, Professor Morselli, Professor Lombroso, Count de Roches, Professor Porro, Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, Professor Thiry, Dr. Dariex, Victor Sardon, Akasof, and many others.

"Flammarion's work, 'Mysterious Psychic Forces,' is valuable from many points of view; it is a careful compilation of previous researches in psychical mediumship, to which are added invaluable reports of the author's own experiments with many mediums, the most important being the Italian, Eusapia Paladino. I have also studied this medium for a long time and find myself in accord with Flammarion as to the authenticity of the facts."—*Professor Enrico Morselli*, Chair of Mental and Nervous Diseases, University of Genoa.

"If you will read his [Flammarion's] latest book ['Mysterious Psychic Forces'] with attention and with candor, you cannot but be impressed with his wide experience and his patient, persistent search for truth. I am persuaded that he has been a genuine pioneer all along. He has examined very critically the scores of psychics who have come under his observation, and his reports are painstaking and cautious."—*From "The Shadow World" by Hamlin Garland*.

"Such a book, from such a writer, is more than interesting. It is timely. And the reader must admit, whatever his prejudices or presuppositions, that, taking Professor Flammarion's book as an honest record of long and careful scientific study, which it is entitled to be considered, it amply sustains the author's conclusions."—*Literary Digest*.

"The book is one of the most interesting that have ever been written on the subject. Those who have the least liking for the subject will find it entertaining beyond expectation."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

By HERWARD CARRINGTON.

Member of the Council of the American Institute for Scientific Research, Member of the English Society for Psychical Research, etc.

Large 12mo, illus., \$2.00 net, by mail, \$2.16.

The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism

A book of incalculable value to psychical researchers. Every one knows that while there is a residuum of the genuine, there is undoubtedly an immense amount of fraud perpetrated on credulous investigators of psychic phenomena. With rare skill and tact Mr. Carrington, who has had many years of experience, shows exactly how the tricks are done. His book is written wholly without prejudice, in a calm, courteous, judicial style, and the facts are presented with precision and orderliness. The latter part of the book is devoted to the consideration of what the author believes to be genuine phenomena.

"Mr. Carrington's book on 'The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism' is the most important work ever published on that subject. It gives a complete account of the subject, and is invaluable for every one interested in Psychic Research. It is fair to both sides of that much controverted subject."—*Professor James H. Hyslop*.

"He writes from the point of view of one who believes that such phenomena as come within the realms of spiritualism, popularly conceived, do occur, and on that account he is particularly anxious to expose the fraud connected with them, since it is only by so doing that the world can reach the genuine which lies behind."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The paramount impression this writer conveys is that of being a fair and open-minded gentleman of excellent balance and keen intelligence."—*New York Times*.

The Coming Science

With an introduction by James H. Hyslop. 12mo, \$1.50 net, or, by mail, \$1.62.

This book fills a place in the literature of psychical research not covered by any other book that has thus far appeared. Its aim is threefold: (1) To form an introduction to the study of the subject, so that any one may feel familiar with the general problems and results without having previously read extensively upon it; (2) to approach the baffling questions from the standpoint of physical science, and point out exactly what the difficulties and objections are to the scientific man; (3) to summarize the various explanatory theories that have been advanced from time to time to explain the facts of psychical research.

"A helpful introduction to the reading of more elaborate works."—*The Outlook*.

"The great importance of the book lies in its pointing out that materialism must ultimately triumph, if no facts can be brought forward to prove it erroneous, and this would mean the destruction of the religious consciousness of the age. It is of prime importance, therefore, that the 'average reader,' if there is such a thing, should be properly introduced to the problems of 'the coming science.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON.

Proofs of Life After Death

12mo, \$1.50 net, or, by mail, \$1.62.

A collation of opinions as to a future life by such eminent scientific men and thinkers as N. S. Shaler, C. Richet, Camille Flammarion, Professor Brunot, Sir William Crookes, Th. Flournoy, Elmer Gates, William James, Dr. Paul Joire, Dr. Lombroso, Simon Newcomb, Professor Hyslop, Dr. M. J. Savage, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russell Wallace, Cardinal Gibbons, Andrew Lang, and many others. The book contains many arguments from a scientific standpoint that will interest all who wish evidence other than theological.

"Seeking for comfort in a great sorrow, the author made a collection of opinions as to a future life by some of the world's most eminent scientific men and thinkers."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"It should find a place on the shelf of every thinker."—*Boston Transcript*.

A special pamphlet, fully describing these books, will be sent free to any address on application.

Publishers
of the
Beacon
Biographies

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
Publishers

(INCORPORATED)
BOSTON

Publishers
of the
Beacon
Biographies